

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fourth Series, }
Vol. XXVII. }

No. 1485. — November 23, 1872.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXV. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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THE RIVER'S LAMENT.

I CAME down rushing from the mountain,
Jubilant with pride and glee,
Leaping through the winds, and shouting
That I had an errand to the sea.

The rocks stood against me, and we wrestled,
But I burst from the holding of their hands,
Broke from their holding, and went slipping
And sliding into lower lands.

I carolled as I went, and the woodlands
Smiled as my sound murmured by;
And the birds on the wing heard me singing,
And dropped me a blessing from the sky.

The flowers on the bank heard me singing,
And the buds, that had been red and sweet,
Grew redder and sweeter as they listened,
And their golden hearts began to beat.

The cities through their din heard me passing,
They came out and crowned me with their
towers;
And the trees hung up their garlands above me,
And coaxed me to rest among their towers.

But I laughed, as I left them in the sunshine;
There was never aught of rest for me,
Till I mingled my waters with the ocean,
Till I sang in the chorus of the sea.

Ah me! for my pride upon the mountain,
Ah me! for my beauty in the plains,
When my crest floated glorious in the sunshine,
And the clouds showered strength into my
veins!

Alas, for the blushing little blossoms,
And the grasses, with their long golden drifts,
For the shadow of the forest in the noontide,
And full handed cities with their gifts!

I have mingled my waters with the ocean,
I have sung in the chorus of the sea;
And my soul, from the tumult of the billows,
Will never more be jubilant and free

I sing, but the echo of my mourning
Returns to me shrieking back again,

One wild weak note amongst the myriads
That are sobbing 'neath the thunders of the
main.

Oh well, for the dewdrops on the gowan!
Oh well, for the pool upon the height,
Where the birds gather thirsty in the noontide,
And stars watch all through the summer night!

There is no home-returning for the waters
To the mountain whence they came, glad and
free;

There is no happy ditty for the river
That has sung in the chorus of the sea.
The Month. R. M.

TWILIGHT.

DRIFT, little snow flakes, 'mid the shells,
Break, little waves, among the pebbles,
Rise, little notes, in dulcet swells,
And faint again in silver trebles.

The hot sun stoops, and dips, and dips
His burning brow to drowsy numbers;
Then kisses red the ocean's lips,
And sinks away to golden slumbers.

Come twilight, with thy purple breath,
And freshen all thy drooping willows —
The waterlilies faint to death,
The bending reeds, the severed billows,

And beckon forth the timid stars
To tread the cold dewdropping heaven,
And quickly let the burning bars,
That bind the impatient sea, be riven.

And bring thy breeze with soothing wing,
Around my heated brows to flutter,
And teach the waves more sad to sing,
More yearning mysteries to utter.

Come gliding softly from the east,
Come breathing over distant cities,
And crown the hills with holy rest,
And fill the winds with plaintive ditties.

The Month.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ROMAN-
ESQUE ARCHITECTURE.*

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE history of architecture, like any other branch of history, cannot be studied to any profit or with any intelligent results, unless it be looked upon as a continuous whole, each stage of which has its influence on the stages which come after it. In the study of architecture, just as in the study of language or of political history, the first thing to be done is to break down the artificial barriers which stand in the way of a general view of the whole subject. In the controversy which ever and anon starts up afresh as to the value of the study of "ancient" languages, "dead" languages, "classical" languages, the first object of any intelligent defender of Greek and Latin studies will be to get rid of any such distinctions, of any such names, as ancient, dead, or classical. The last name he will cast aside as simply unmeaning; he will leave it to the enjoyment of those whose only notion of scholarship is to spend their lives over the surviving texts of two or three arbitrarily chosen centuries. He will claim for the Greek and Latin tongues their place in a liberal education, not as something ancient, something dead, something altogether cut off from the study of other tongues, but as something which is the opposite to dead, as something which is the opposite to ancient, so far as that word implies anything cut off from or alien to things modern. He will claim their place for Greek and Latin, not as being inherently different from other languages, but as being inherently the same. He will claim their place for them as being two great forms of the common Aryan speech, whose claims

* This article was written many months back, but its appearance has been delayed by an accident which neither editor nor author could hinder. I mention this, because in the former part of the article there will be found several passages containing the same ideas, and, I think, once or twice the same words, which I have since put forth in my Rede Lecture on the Unity of History before the University of Cambridge. The article is in truth the application of the principles laid down in that lecture to one particular branch of study. But, as it happened, the article was written before the lecture was either written or thought of. The article may in fact be looked on as the germ of the lecture.

may be higher in degree, but which are still essentially the same in kind as those of any others among the kindred dialects. In his eyes Latin, above all, will be, not so much the tongue of the imitative poets of the Augustan age as the Imperial and abiding speech, the enduring tongue of the Church and the Empire, the tongue which has been the immediate parent of several of the foremost tongues of modern Europe, and which has had more or less of influence even on those which were not its own proper offspring. In such a view as this no stages in the history of the Latin tongue will seem clad with so absorbing an interest as those on which the "classical" student looks down with the most sovereign contempt. The days when the Latin tongue most thoroughly discharged its Imperial and Ecumenical functions were those when it was spreading itself over lands where it was not the native speech, when it was becoming the general means of intercommunion between men of different tongues. The stages by which a tongue which had once been the local speech of Latium fitted itself to become the common speech of the world, the stages by which it again split up for common purposes into local dialects, while it lived on alongside of its own children as the tongue of law and literature, are the stages in the history of the Latin tongue on which the student of universal history will be most inclined to dwell. But these are exactly the stages which, in the eyes of the "classical" purist, are simply "Low Latin," the "Iron Age," and what not. In the eyes of the student of universal history, Latin literature went into a *Katabathra* when the Camoens wept over the tomb of Nævius. It came out again when Ambrose and Prudens began once more to throw their native speech into forms of metre which did not bear the stamp of Greek imitation. The hymn of the *Frates Arvales* at one end, the oath of Strassburg at the other, are of higher historical and philological value than the most successful Augustan reproductions of Sappho and Alkaïos.

As it is with the history of language, so it is with the history of architecture. To judge from the popular disputes about

Law Courts and the like, people in general group all forms of architecture under two heads. The division which they make is closely analogous to the popular divisions into ancient and modern, dead and living, on other subjects. Architecture is supposed to be divided into two great styles, "Grecian" and "Gothic," and it is thought a very good joke to call the admirers of the supposed styles respectively Greeks and Goths. It is not very easy to find out what people who talk in this way mean by the words which they use; but it might seem that "Grecian" architecture pretty well answers to ancient history, dead languages, classical literature, and the like. It might seem that "Gothic" architecture, that is, the architecture of England, Germany, and France, pretty well answers to modern history, living languages, and so forth. The odd thing is that, though the distinction in the two cases is so closely analogous, yet the practical inference which is drawn from the distinction is exactly opposite in the two cases. Nobody argues that Englishmen or Germans ought to talk, not in English or German, but in Greek, Latin, or Italian. People do argue that they ought to build, not in English or German, but in Greek, Latin, or Italian. Perhaps the name Gothic has something to do with the matter. The name is "patient," as theologians say, of a satisfactory meaning, but no name is more likely to lead the half-informed altogether astray. Parliamentary babblers and writers of leading articles most likely fancy that Gothic architecture has something to do with the national Goths. Most likely they further fancy that the national Goths were destroyers of the works of ancient art. It would be vain to tell such people to read Cassiodorus, or to go to Ravenna and see for themselves. If I were as vigorous in the use of anathemas as Mr. Arnold, I should be tempted to say that they must "die in their sins."

But, for my present purpose, I have nothing to do with the practical inferences which have been made from the vulgar classification, with questions as to the style of the Law Courts, or with recent controversies of any kind. I wish to point out that the same times, the same despised

and neglected times, which the general historian of Europe looks on as the most important in the history of language, are also, in the same historical way of looking at them, the most important in the history of architecture. Alike in language, in law, in religion, and in art, the function of Rome was to leaven the whole world, and the most truly interesting period of Roman history was that when Rome was beginning to discharge her Imperial and Ecumenical office in all these different ways. That is to say, the form of architecture which has, not indeed the highest æsthetical merit, but certainly the highest historical interest, is neither the purely "classical" nor yet the purely mediæval style, but the style which comes between the two. Less satisfactory as a creation of artistic skill than either the pure Grecian or the pure Gothic, the intermediate form, the Romanesque, connects itself more directly than either with the general history of the world. It is the architectural language of those ages when the new world gradually grew out of the old, the ages which showed Rome as the true centre of the world and its history, the point to which all roads lead and from which all roads set forth. The name *Romanesque*, as applied to architecture, answers to *Romance* as applied to language.* And both names are happily chosen. Yet, in the case of architecture at least, the name may suggest an idea which is partly misleading. It may suggest that Romanesque architecture is a mere corruption of the classical Roman, instead of being on one side a corruption, and on another a development. It would indeed be better if we could find a single name, be it *Roman* or any other, to express the whole period of architecture commonly included under the two names of Roman and Romanesque. Laying "classical" prejudices aside, and looking at the matter from either an historical or a constructive point of view, we shall see that Roman and Romanesque are essentially the same thing. And more than this, we shall see that the Romanesque, the supposed

* The French *Roman*, as opposed to *Romain*, is still more happily applied to both.

corruption, is in many respects a real development or improvement on the earlier Roman. Or rather, the classical Roman is in truth a transitional and imperfect stage, leading the way to a more perfect form in the supposed corrupt and barbarous Romanesque.*

The only sound classification of styles of architecture is that which arranges them according to their leading principles of construction. Of such principles, as far as we know at present, there are only three; more accurately speaking, there are only two, one of which again falls into two great sub-divisions. The two great systems of construction are *Entablature* and the *Arch*, and the arch again may be either *round* or *pointed*. We thus get three distinct forms of construction, the Entablature, the Round Arch, and the Pointed Arch. And each of these principles of construction has been, in its own time and place, the animating principle of a style of architecture. That is to say, there have been times and places in which each of the three has not only been the prevalent form of construction, but has been accompanied by an harmonious and consistent system of decoration. Each of the three constructive principles may be looked on as the expression of an æsthetical principle. In the case of two out of the three this is generally acknowledged. It is universally felt that the architecture of the entablature is the expression of horizontal extension, that the architecture of the pointed arch is the expression of vertical extension. It is generally acknowledged that the perfection of the horizontal idea is to be found in the highest form of the architecture of the entablature, that is, in the architecture of old Greece. It is generally acknowledged that the perfection of

the vertical idea is to be found in the highest form of the architecture of the pointed arch, that is in the Gothic architecture of mediæval Europe. It is not so generally acknowledged that the intermediate form of construction, the round arch, has also its leading æsthetical idea. It is not so generally acknowledged that there have been times and places in which the round arch also has produced a style, not perhaps approaching so nearly to ideal perfection as either of the other styles, but still coming near enough to it to be set alongside the other two, as an independent and equal form of art.

Yet, if we admit the entablature, the round arch, and the pointed arch to be the three chief, and seemingly the three only possible, forms of architectural construction, it seems necessarily to follow that the round-arched construction must have its leading æsthetical idea no less than the other two, and that it must be capable, no less than the other two, of an ideal perfection. Whether it has ever actually reached its perfection or not, whether it has ever come so near to it as the other two have, is a question which is not now to the point. It will not do to say that there is a perfection of the arched style, but that its perfection must be looked for in the architecture of the pointed arch, and that the architecture of the round arch is an imperfect form. The answer is plain; the round arch is constructively as good a form of construction as either the entablature or the pointed arch. As a mode of building, it stands on a perfect level with them. Now, if we admit that all good and honest architecture consists in finding appropriate forms of decoration for good and honest forms of construction, it would seem to follow that every good and honest form of construction must be capable of finding some appropriate form of decoration, and of thereby reaching an ideal perfection. It seems then to follow that the architecture of the round arch has a right to be looked on as an independent form of art on a perfect level with the architecture of the entablature and the architecture of the pointed arch. Of course it does not follow that it has ever been actually carried so near to ideal perfection as

* I am here saying again a good deal of what I said twenty-three years ago in my "History of Architecture," a book which I suppose is by this time pretty well forgotten. It was written when I was very young, and when I had by no means an adequate knowledge of examples. It was moreover coloured throughout by ways of looking at things of which I have long taken leave. But I believe that I had even then fully grasped the true relations between the study of architecture and the general study of history, and most of the principles and classifications which are there laid down are such as I should maintain still.

either of the other styles. It is enough if we allow that it has, like them, its leading idea, and that it is capable of an ideal perfection. It seems then to follow that the architecture of the round arch has a right to be looked on as an independent form of art on a perfect level with the architecture of the entablature and the architecture of the pointed arch. Of course it does not follow that it has ever been actually carried so near to ideal perfection as either of the other styles. It is enough if we allow that it has, like them, its leading idea, and that it is capable of an ideal perfection, whether it has ever actually reached it or not.

Some of the causes of the general unwillingness to admit the claims of the architecture of the round arch to an equal place alongside of the other two great forms are obvious enough. First of all, I am free to admit that the architecture of the round arch never has, as a matter of fact, been carried so near to perfection as both the other two forms have. There is no round-arched building so absolutely satisfactory as a work of art as either the best Grecian or the best Gothic buildings. In comparing Romanesque and Gothic buildings, a much greater share of the charm of the Romanesque building belongs to its age and its historical associations, a much less share to its actual merit as a work of art. I know not how others may feel, but to my own mind this is proved by the following test. A modern Gothic building, if it be really as good as an ancient one, is as satisfactory as an ancient one. But a modern Romanesque building is, to my mind at least, simply grotesque. The more closely it reproduces an ancient building, the more grotesque it becomes. This, I think, proves that, in the case of the Gothic building, we do, in the strictest sense, admire a work of art, while a great part of the charm of the Romanesque building is derived from other sources. But, if round-arched architecture has never been actually carried so near to perfection as the other two styles, that fact in no way disproves its abstract capacity of reaching an equal relative perfection. Secondly, though I believe the round-arched style to have a leading idea equally with the other styles, and to have equally with them an appropriate form of decoration, yet neither the leading idea nor the appropriate form of decoration is quite so obvious in the case of the round-arched style as it is in the case of the other two. There is something negative about all the characteristics of round-arched architecture. While the leading

idea of the architecture of the entablature is that of horizontal extension, while the leading idea of the architecture of the pointed arch is that of vertical extension, I take the leading idea of the round-arched style to be that of no extension either way, but of simple rest and immobility. The round-arched form again has another peculiarity. No other can so well dispense with ornament. Either a Grecian or a Gothic building would be wholly intolerable, if it were so utterly void of ornament as many Romanesque buildings are which are perfectly satisfactory in their own way. Indeed, we may safely say that, the larger a Romanesque building is, the plainer it may be, perhaps ought to be. A small chapel in that style is commonly much richer than a great minster. What too is the nature of Romanesque ornament, when we get any? It is again something of a negative kind. The Greek mouldings are of a kind which serve to strengthen the horizontal lines supplied by the construction of the building. The Gothic mouldings are of a kind which serve to strengthen the vertical lines supplied by the construction of the building. In Romanesque neither of these forms seems appropriate. A round arch moulded after either the Grecian or the Gothic fashion is never satisfactory. Either the horizontal or the vertical idea is suggested, and each of them is inconsistent with the spirit of a style whose leading idea is pure rest and immobility. Moulding indeed, in the strictest sense of the word, moulding which affects the section, is really out of place in a Romanesque building. The true Romanesque ideal leaves the orders of the arch in their natural square section, and seeks enrichment by ornament on the surface, whether by coloured ornament, as in Italy, or by what we may call *surface-moulding*, as in our own Norman. At most it attaches a heavy roll — a continuation of the jamb-shaft — to the square section, instead of carving the square section itself away, as in the Gothic system of mouldings. In all this we see the negative character of the style. It has a leading idea; it has an appropriate form of ornament; both are capable of definition; but both are perhaps most easily understood by describing them as something which is neither Grecian nor Gothic. Again, in our Northern Romanesque, though there is a stateliness and majesty above all other styles, there is seldom anything to be called real beauty of detail, such as we find in Grecian on the one side and in Gothic on the other. The truth is that the time when

the round-arched style came nearest to perfection in the general design of its buildings was a time when, in northern countries at least, the decorative arts were at a very low ebb. An English sculptured capital of the thirteenth century is, in its way, as beautiful as anything in Greek art. But when a capital of the eleventh or the first half of the twelfth century anywhere north of the Alps attempts sculpture, animal or vegetable, the effect is simply grotesque. We may apply the test which I before gave. A modern reproduction either of a Corinthian or of an Early Gothic capital may be fully as pleasing to the eye as the original. But a modern imitation of an enriched Norman or Lombard capital, with its rude volutes and its strangely disproportioned men and beasts, is not pleasing, but ridiculous. It has not the charm of antiquity and historical association which belongs to the original, and it has nothing to put in its place.

This last difficulty, strongly as it may be felt in most Northern and in some Italian Romanesque, would prove nothing at Pisa or Lucca. But all that I have been saying as to the negative character of Romanesque architecture and as to the lack of beauty in its detail, would of itself go far to account for the unwillingness so commonly felt to see in the architecture of the round arch an independent style ranking alongside of the architecture of the entablature and that of the pointed arch. But I think that we have not yet got to the root of the matter. To admit the round-arched style as an independent form of equal rank with the other two, involves giving up a whole train of notions about ancient and modern, classical, and the like. If we are to admit the claims of the round-arched style as I have put them, we must altogether wipe out the hard and fast line between ancient and modern. We must admit the continuous existence of a style whose earlier examples were the work of "classical" Romans, while its later examples were the work of Barbarians, Goths and the like. It would be hard to make many people believe that a really wider line ought to be drawn between two forms of mediæval work than between one form of mediæval work and one form of classical. It would be harder still to make them believe that one form of classical architecture ought to be looked on as a mere imperfect transition to a style which was brought nearer to perfection at the hands of mediæval Barbarians. To those who take a wider view of general history there is no difficulty in all this. Sweep away the

distinction of "ancient" and "modern" — cease to look on things "classical" as something all by themselves, hedged in from everything belonging to other times and nations — learn to look on history as a whole, and the history of Greece or of Rome simply as a part of that whole — and there will no longer seem anything strange or incongruous in holding that, in architecture, in language, or in anything else, the function of the first century on either side of our æra was simply to pave the way for the eleventh or twelfth century after it. Once grasp the true life and spirit of the long Imperial history, and there will seem nothing wonderful in fixing on the third century, in purely classical eyes a time of decay and degradation, as a time which alike in religion, in law, and in art, stands out as one of the great creative ages of the world.

The essence of good architecture of any kind is that its constructive system should be put boldly forward, that its decorative system should be such as in no way conceals or masks the construction, but makes the constructive features themselves ornamental. Both in Grecian and in Gothic architecture this rule is thoroughly and consistently carried out. In a Grecian building the entablature is the main feature of the construction, and it proclaims itself as such. In a Gothic building the pointed arch is the main feature of the construction, and it proclaims itself as such. In neither case is there any attempt at concealment or disguise of any kind. But how stands the case with classical Roman architecture? Here we have a style in which the main feature of the construction is not made the main feature of the decoration. Here we have a style in which the great constructive features seem as it were ashamed of themselves, where they try to hide themselves behind a mask borrowed from a different system of construction. The architecture of classical Rome is, like the literature of classical Rome, imitative. Italy, the land to which the world practically owes the great discovery of the arched construction, may very likely have had a native architecture, as well as a native literature, in the days of the Kings and the early Consuls. But the architecture of classical Rome was a mere imitation of that of Greece. It was indeed but an imperfect imitation. The Roman architects were not so besotted as to cast away their own great invention of the arch, and to fall back on the less flexible, less diversified, constructive system of the Greek entablature. But, just as they spread a

varnish of Greek forms, Greek metres, and what not, over their native Italian literature, so, in like sort, they spread a varnish of Greek decoration over their native Italian construction. Buildings whose real construction was that of piers and arches were masked with a decorative imitation of the columns and entablature of a Greek portico. But as it was in other things, so it was also in architecture. The true Roman spirit was masked only, and not destroyed, by the fashion of Greek imitation. As that spirit shows itself in the satirists, the historians, and even here and there in the poets themselves, as it stands out more clearly still in the mighty fabric of the Roman Law, so there are classes of Roman building in which the national arched construction stands out, masked but feebly, or not at all, by the varnish of Greek decoration. In an aqueduct or an amphitheatre, Greek features, columns and their entablatures, are either absent altogether or are something so secondary as to have but little share in the general effect. In buildings of this kind, the round arch, the main constructive feature, does really stand out as the feature which gives the building its main architectural character. And, as Mr. Petit remarked long ago, the step from buildings of this kind to some of the plainer forms of the later Romanesque is very slight indeed. Some of the great German churches, such for instance as the three great Rhenish minsters of Mainz, Worms, and Speier, where the interior elevations consist of square piers supporting perfectly unadorned round arches, have surely a great deal in common with a Roman aqueduct. In both we see the round-arched construction standing boldly out in its most undisguised form. And buildings of this kind, whether aqueducts, amphitheatres, or churches, which rely almost wholly on their unadorned constructive elements, may undoubtedly be grand and striking in the highest degree. Still a style of architecture would be narrowly limited in its resources, if it were forever confined to such elements as these. The massive, unadorned, square pier was suited for many purposes; but there were also many purposes which asked for something more graceful, something which better offered itself for enrichment. There was one feature of the Greek constructive system which the Roman architect could do something more than blindly imitate. There was one feature which he could really adopt, for which he could find a place in his own system as appropriate as that

which it had held in the system to which it belonged by birth. The Grecian column was freely employed by the Roman architects, but for a long time, in truth during the whole of the purely classical period, it was used only in a feeble, hesitating, and inconsistent way. Roman architects built porticos and colonnades after purely Grecian models, without bringing in any feature of the national constructive system at all. Or columns and entablatures after the Grecian model were attached as a mere decorative mask to buildings really built according to the national mode of construction. At last, in days which we are taught to look upon as days of decline, in days which are looked upon as days of degradation both for literature and for art, the great step was taken which was to give Roman architecture an harmonious and consistent form, the step which was to make its chief decorative feature become also the chief feature of its construction. In the Greek system the column had boldly and honestly supported the entablature. In the Roman system of construction, the round arch answered to the entablature. What then was needed to make the column a real feature in the Roman system was to make it discharge in the Roman construction a duty strictly analogous to that which it had discharged in the Greek construction. In the Greek system the entablature had rested on the capitals of the columns; what was now needed was to make the round arch rest on the capitals of the columns also. This simple change at once gave Roman architecture a form both consistent in construction and graceful in decoration. Next to the introduction of the arch itself, no architectural revolution has been so great and so lasting in its results. The man who first boldly set his arch to rest on the capitals of his columns made a change which led the way to all future developments of arched architecture, round and pointed alike.

The first building, as far as we know, in which this great change was made was the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato. No time, no place, no author, could be more fitting for such a great architectural revolution. The change was not made in the local Rome, but on the other side of the Adriatic, in a land which the Romans of an earlier time had looked on as a distant and barbarous province. But in those days the local Rome had ceased to be the only Rome. Rome was now wherever the Roman law and the Roman language had spread themselves, wherever men sub-

mitted to the rule of the Roman Cæsar. And no corner of the Empire was then more truly Roman than the Dalmatian land which sent forth that long succession of wise and valiant Emperors, Roman in every nobler sense of the word, though the local Rome was neither their birthplace nor their dwelling-place. And it was well that the greatest of them all, the founder of the Empire in its later form, should also be the man at whose bidding the first consistent Roman building rose. The keen eye of Diocletian had at last seen that the Roman Commonwealth was at an end; he grasped the fact that the Empire was a monarchy, and grasping the fact, he had not shrunk from putting it prominently forward before the eyes of men. The Illyrian peasant, in the days of his power, had been the first to deck himself with the outward pomp of royalty, when so to do was simply to give an outward expression to what for many generations had been the greatest of practical facts. The same man, in the days of his voluntary retirement, carried out a change in Roman art exactly analogous to the change which he had already carried out in the Roman polity. Alike in polity and in art, he swept away traditions which had become cumbrous and useless, and let things stand forth as they really were. Alike in recasting the constitution of his Empire and in designing the hall of his palace, Diocletian made the real construction of the fabric stand forth undisguisedly before the eyes of men. Alike in his political and in his architectural creation, he put the crown to the work towards which his predecessors had been feeling their way for three hundred years.

The palace of Spálato I have never seen with my own eyes, but the views of it given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson are quite enough to set its main features clearly before us. The new invention is not indeed consistently carried out throughout the whole building; that would have been too much to look for from any architect of any age or country. But it is applied to the long colonnades of the great hall, and noble ranges they are. A consistent round-arched building has at last been called into being, a building of a less massive and a more ornamental type than the aqueduct, or even than the amphitheatre. As the first consistent arched interior, the hall of Diocletian's palace contains in it the germs of all later architecture; the germs not only of Ravenna and Pisa, but of Caen and Durham; not only of Caen and Durham, but of Westminster and Amiens. As such, there is no more

memorable building upon earth. But it is in no way wonderful that the great improvement which it offered was not at once universally accepted. Every architectural development has to go through a stage of transition, a stage when the new principle and the old are striving for the mastery, and when the two are mingled together in various degrees and proportions. The architect of Spálato showed that columns could be used as the immediate supports of arches; he did not at once persuade the whole world to use columns as the immediate supports of arches. Men had been so long used to look upon the entablature as the right thing to rest upon the capitals of the columns that they could not all at once bring themselves to let the arch come straight down upon the capital itself. It seemed as if something must be done, as if some change must be made, to adapt the capital to its new duties. Something must be thrust in between the capital and the arch; some fragment, as it were, of the entablature, must come between the abacus of the capital and the impost of the arch. Or perhaps the abacus itself must be enlarged into something like a piece of entablature, or the whole capital must be drawn out to an unusual size and height, in order to seem more worthy of its new prominence, and better able to bear the weight that was laid upon it. For it is manifest, and it is one of the great advantages of the arched construction, that the columns, or other supports of a range of arches, may be placed at much greater distances from each other than the columns of a colonnade supporting an entablature. It follows that each column and its capital assumes in the arched building a greater importance; it has, so to speak, a more distinct separate existence than belongs to the columns of a colonnade. In the later Roman architecture we therefore find all kinds of shifts to avoid that immediate juxtaposition of the arch with capitals of the hitherto accustomed forms on which the architect of Spálato had already ventured. In the basilicas of Ravenna I do not think that there is a single case where the arch comes down immediately upon an Ionic Corinthian capital. These wonderful works of Western Emperors, of Gothic Kings, and of Eastern Exarchs, were reared out of the spoils of earlier buildings. Columns and capitals were brought from various quarters; their proportions did not always exactly tally with one another; a column did not always agree with the column which stood next to it, or with the capi-

tal which its own shafts supported. But, among all the shifts to which the architects of these churches were driven in order to keep something like order among the columns which were thus strangely brought together, in every case, whatever may be the form of the capital, a member is thrust in between the capital itself and the arch. For such a member there is no real need, either constructive or decorative; it simply shows how men clung to the idea that the proper use of a column and its capital was to support something like the horizontal line of the entablature. The local use of Ravenna preferred the employment of capitals of the received classical shapes with this needless member interposed—a member which wants a name, and to which that of the *stilt* has sometimes been given.* At Constantinople on the other hand—I speak here not from personal knowledge, but from the Chevalier Fossati's splendid drawings of Saint Sophia—though the stilt is not unknown, yet the tendency seems rather to have been towards devising new forms of the capital itself. Some of them, with a different proportion, still keep something like the general idea of a classical capital, while others, especially the well-known Byzantine basket-capital, altogether depart from classical models. At Ravenna no difference can be discerned between the works of the Roman Placidia and those of the Gothic Theodoric. The wise barbarian who preserved for the conquered Romans their laws, their language and their buildings, followed their models also in his own original works. But with the recovery of Italy under Justinian new forms came in. In the church of Saint Vital, begun during the Gothic dominion but not finished till after the conquest by Belisarius, the new Byzantine forms of capital are seen. But the local custom did not wholly die out, and the stilt appears in Saint Vital also, often taking the form of what we must call a double capital, one being placed over the other. The Byzantine forms, in their later development, are found also among the vast stores of capitals, brought and copied from all possible quarters, which are to be seen in the portico and the galleries of Saint Mark's at Venice. But for true columnar arcades, like those of Ravenna, we must leap over

several centuries, till we come to the works of the eleventh and twelfth centuries at Pisa, Lucca, Murano, and Torcello. Here, with the changes of detail which are natural after a space of eight hundred years, we come back to the same state of things which we saw at Spilato. The arch again rests immediately on the capital of the column, and the columns and their capitals are either classical remains used up again, or else they are as nearly imitated from classical models as the art of those ages would allow.

It certainly seems to me that, in these great Italian churches, we have before us a distinct round-arched style, an independent form of architecture worthy to rank side by side either with the architecture of the entablature or with the architecture of the pointed arch. One of the three great forms of construction, a form constructively as good as either of the other two, is here provided with a good and consistent decorative system. It is hard to see what more is wanted. It is hardly possible to conceive any architectural forms more perfect and stately than the arcades of the nave of Pisa. The decorative forms are consistent and elegant; in some indeed of the later buildings of the style, especially at Lucca, they put on an almost extravagant richness of detail, but yet without departing from the purity of the round-arched ideal. But if we admit that the columnar form of the Italian Romanesque is a pure and genuine style, that it is a legitimate decorative carrying out of one of the great types of architectural construction, it follows that the architecture of classical Rome must be looked on as something imperfect and transitional. The Romanesque of Pisa and Lucca is the classical Roman set free from the incongruous elements which clung about it, set free from all traces of the days when Roman architecture was a mere imitation of Grecian form. The one Grecian feature which could be really adapted to the Roman principle of construction has been adopted and naturalized, and it has been proved to be capable of doing as good service in the new system as it did in the old. If here and there traces of another system of decoration may be found hanging about the buildings of this style, they are in positions so unimportant as to be of little consequence in the general effect. They in no way interfere with the claim of the columnar Romanesque to be looked on as a pure and independent style, as the consistent carrying out of an architectural conception which the classical Roman at-

* It is worth noticing that something very like the Ravennese *stilt* is to be found in the ancient Egyptian architecture. In the form of a member, the *dc*, interposed between the capital and the entablature. In some forms of Saracenic architecture this stilt becomes a most important feature.

tempted only very imperfectly. Paradoxical then as the position may sound, I think that I have made out my case, and that the classical Roman is essentially an imperfect style, a mere transition to the more perfect Romanesque.

But the columnar Romanesque of Italy was not the only architectural form in which the round-arched construction clothed itself. Another variety arose which was an even more legitimate development of the Roman manner of building. This was that form of Romanesque which cast aside the use of the column as a main constructive feature, and rested its arches on vast square piers. The column, where it was used at all, was used only as a purely decorative feature, as a mere nook-shaft in the angles of the rectangular piers. This mode of construction also was of Italian birth: we see it in the great Lombard churches of Milan and Pavia, and it spread itself in different forms over all the lands north of the Alps. We see it in its greatest purity in those German buildings of which I have already spoken, where the main arcades exhibit the square pier and the round arch as their one feature. And we find a great number of forms which we may call intermediate between the column and the square pier. We find rectangular piers so surrounded by attached shafts that the columnar element, though purely decorative, is that which has most share in the general effect. And we find piers of cylindrical form, sometimes of distinctly columnar form, which have little enough in common with the graceful monoliths of Ravenna and Lucca. In England, above all, we find those enormously massive round piers which by no straining of language can be called columns, but which are rather to be looked on as masses of wall analogous to the square piers, only taking a cylindrical instead of a rectangular form. And, though the construction of the square pier and that of the column are quite distinct in idea, we constantly find them mingled together in practice, not only in contemporary buildings in the same country, but even actually in the same building.

Now to the purely classical mind it is perhaps harder to admit that the Northern Romanesque is a genuine and perfect style of architecture, one to which the classical Roman was a mere transition, than it is in the case of the columnar Romanesque of Italy. There is a temptation to set aside the Romanesque buildings as not forming any really distinct style of architecture, to look on their earlier forms as

the mere expiring traces of Roman art, and to look on their later forms as the mere foreshadowing of the coming Gothic. There is a temptation to do this even in Italy, and north of the Alps the temptation naturally becomes still stronger. In the earlier examples of the Northern Romanesque the work, it cannot be denied, is often of extreme rudeness. And even in the later and more finished forms of the style, such as our own enriched Norman, stately and noble as is the general effect, the mere detail, when it attempts any thing coming strictly under the head of sculpture, is apt to be much less beautiful than grotesque. But the question is not as to the merit of detail, but as to the consistency of the constructive and decorative systems. The Northern Romanesque, no less than the Southern, carries out boldly, honestly, and consistently, that round-arched construction which the classical Roman timidly strives to mask. It might be an untoward accident that ages which stood very high in the art of strictly architectural design stood very low in the art of merely decorative sculpture. But this does not affect the general principle. The Romanesque style, Northern as well as Southern, the style of Normandy and England no less than the style of Italy, succeeds in carrying out that principle of construction which the classical Roman failed to carry out. I hold then that the works of the early Cæsars are to be looked upon as simply transitional between the pure style of the entablature and the pure style of the round arch; they are simply imperfect attempts at a mode of building of which one type was carried to its highest perfection at Pisa, and another type was carried to its highest perfection at Durham.

Romanesque architecture then is neither a mere corrupt Roman nor yet a mere imperfect Gothic. It is a genuine independent style; it is the highest development of the construction of the round arch, just as Grecian is the highest development of the construction of the entablature, and Gothic the highest development of the construction of the pointed arch. As an architectural conception, it stands on equal terms alongside of the other two. In historic interest, to one who fully grasps the history of civilized man as one long unbroken drama, I do not hesitate to say that the buildings of the Romanesque ages surpass the buildings either of purely classical or of later mediæval times. No buildings of earlier or of later times bear about them the same charm as those which arose at the bidding of Diocletian, of Theodoric,

of Justinian, of Charles, and of William. The one city of Ravenna, standing like an isthmus between two worlds, rich in the tombs and temples of the last Italian Emperors and the first Teutonic Kings, might alone supply matter for the study and meditation of a life.

Of both forms of Romanesque, the columnar type and that which employs the massive square or round pier, Italy is alike the parent. But as one type reached its highest perfection in Italy and the other out of Italy, the one by the banks of the Arno and the other by the banks of the Wear, we may fairly speak of them severally as Southern and as Northern Romanesque. This division is purely constructional, without any reference to the dates of particular buildings. As works of art, Spálato and Torcello, eight hundred years apart, must be placed closer together than either of them stands to the great mass of buildings which came between them. But we must also cast a glance at the history of the Romanesque style as looked at from a more strictly chronological point of view. A long study of the subject in various parts of Europe, in the course of several journeys, some of which were undertaken for the special purpose of studying Romanesque architecture, has, I trust, enabled me pretty well to trace out the history of the style. In that history, as far as Western Europe is concerned, I can discern two main periods of very unequal length. The former drags out its being from the third century to the eleventh, without its being possible to draw any broad line at any intermediate point. The latter takes in the busy time from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the twelfth, one of the richest times of architectural development in the whole range of the history of the art. The main distinction between the two is that, during the former period, Italy set the fashion to the whole of Western Europe, while, during the latter period, most of the great countries of Europe, Italy among the others, struck out independent forms of Romanesque art for themselves. The buildings of the former class are comparatively rare, but they are scattered over all the lands from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees and the Alps, and they everywhere bear the most striking likeness to one another, and the most undoubted signs of being imitated from common Italian models. The buildings of the latter class are to be found in abundance everywhere, and they strike the inquirer by their remarkable diversity, a diversity shown not so much in

their detail, which is often strikingly alike in countries far apart from one another, as in the general character of their architectural conceptions. The former class, till somebody helps me to a better name, I shall speak of in a body as Primitive Romanesque. The different varieties of the latter class are best called after the countries in which they severally arose or were brought to perfection, Norman, Aquitanian, German, Italian, or any other. In England the two classes are commonly known as "Saxon," or "Anglo-Saxon," and "Norman." The latter name is a thoroughly good one, if only people will not speak of "Norman," "Early English," "Decorated," and "Perpendicular," or of any other less familiar set of names, as four or seven styles or periods on a level with one another. The later Romanesque of England was undoubtedly of Norman invention, and it was brought into England under Norman influence. But the use of the word "Saxon" to express our few and scattered examples of the earlier form of Romanesque is liable to all the objections which always apply to the vague use of that misleading name and also to some further objections special to itself. Besides the absurdity of talking of Saxon buildings or Saxon anything at York or Lincoln, the name further suggests the idea that the Saxon style was something peculiarly English, whereas our surviving Saxon buildings are simply rude examples of a style common to England with the rest of Western Christendom. The first Christian buildings which were reared in Britain after the English Conquest were said to be built after the Roman fashion,* and after the Roman fashion they went on being built till the Normannizing Edward brought over a new style of building from his beloved Normandy.†

Buildings of the Primitive Romanesque style are, as I have already said, rare throughout Europe. In England especially we have no surviving buildings of any great size earlier than the introduction of the Norman form of Romanesque in the eleventh century. We have nothing left but a few small and rude fragments, and a very remarkable class of towers which enables us easily to identify

* On these early churches see Bæda, *Hist. Eccl.* i. 33 (cf. iii. 4), and Vita s. Benedicti, § 5. Benedict Biscop brought builders from Gaul to build "juxta Romanorum morem." The arts of Italy, Gaul, and England were the same.

† Will. Malm. *Gest. Reg. H.* 23. "In eadem ecclesia die Theophanie sepultus est, quam ipse illo compositionis genere primus in Anglia edificaverat quod nunc pene cuncti sumptuosius æmulantur expensis."

the early Romanesque of England with the contemporary work of other lands. Still we have evidence enough to show that both the square pier and the column were used in England, though the few columns that remain, as at Repton and as responds in a good many chancel and belfry arches, are certainly of wonderful rudeness.* But though they often affect a good deal of barbaric richness, we find in them no sign of the distinctive features of the Norman style, while many of them do show an uncouth imitation of Roman work. But while in England we have to patch up our case from very small, rude, and mutilated examples, we find scattered here and there over the continent a considerable number of examples of greater size, belonging to various dates up to the middle of the eleventh century. Various buildings showing more or less of the features marking our so-called Saxon style, the pilaster-strips, the baluster-columns, the mid-wall shafts, and the other characteristics of the style, will be found scattered here and there over various parts of Germany, France, Aquitaine, and Burgundy. The general mass of the German examples I put by for the present, as the architecture of Germany has a distinct history of its own. But one German example must be mentioned here as standing at the head of its class. The great gateway of the Abbey of Lorsch — the Lauresheim of the days of Charles and Eginhard — remains almost alone as a work of the days, seemingly of the earliest days, of the great King himself. Of the Lorsch gateway the lower story, with its Corinthian half-columns not yet flattened into pilasters, might almost be called Roman rather than Romanesque; but the upper stage, with its flat pilasters, its unclassical capitals, its straight-sided arches, shows that we have reached a class of buildings of which Deerhurst and Earls Barton are members. But Lorsch stands by itself; among ordinary specimens of the Primitive style, the first place is certainly due to a building in quite another region of the Empire, to the church of Romainmoutier in the present canton of Vaud. Here we have a minster of considerable size, with two clearly marked Primitive dates, belonging, if I

rightly remember, to the eighth and ninth centuries, and with a little later Romanesque work to contrast with them. The piers of the original building are rude enough, very massive, but with an evident attempt at the columnar form. It is curious to compare them with the later and not very distant church of Grandson, where we feel almost carried back to Lucca in its thoroughly basilican arcades, where Roman columns have been used up again, and fitted with elaborate capitals, seemingly of the twelfth century. Two other churches of Burgundian Switzerland, on a much smaller scale than Romainmoutier, Saint Sulpice in Vaud and Saint Peter in Wallis, are also useful as supplying the contrasts between earlier and later Romanesque. The *Basse-Œuvre* at Beauvais, that is the nave of the cathedral of the tenth century, the Temple of Saint John at Poitiers, the church of Saint Aventin in the Pyrenees in the modern department of Haute-Garonne, the crypt under the apse of the Abbey of Pleinpied in Berri, some parts of the Abbey of Brantôme in Perigord, all supply studies of Primitive Romanesque, in different varieties and of different dates. And at the end of our list, putting to shame even Romainmoutier at the beginning, comes the original and still perfect shell, but slightly masked by a recasting of the twelfth century, of the "miclele mynster æt Rémys," the mighty Abbey of Saint Remigius, the church hallowed by the Roman Pontiff in the presence alike of the Cæsar of the mainland and of ambassadors from the *Basileus* of the island Empire.* The church where a son of Ælfgar was buried, and on whose massive pillars Gyrth looked while they were still in their freshness, has advanced many degrees beyond the work of Benedict Biscop at Jarrow and Monkswearmouth, but it still belongs to the same great class; it shows no sign of the distinctive features of the later local styles; it still belongs to the days when a common form of art, such as it was, prevailed throughout the West.

But it is the towers which give us the best evidence for the unity of the architectural style of all Western Christendom up to the eleventh century. The "Saxon" towers of England, the tall, square, hard, unbuttressed towers, with the mid-wall shafts of their windows, their rude en-

* Sompting in Sussex, St. Benet's at Cambridge, and Earl Odda's Church at Deerhurst, supply some of the best examples. The Cambridge example is doubtless much earlier than the other two. The use of columns in England in the seventh century is witnessed by Eddius, the biographer of Wilfrith, who speaks (*Vita*, Wilfr. 17) of his church at Ripon as "basilica polito lapide a fundamentis in terra usque ad summum adificata, varis columnis et porticibus suffulta."

* See Norman Conquest II. 111, 456, 2nd ed. The consecration was in 1049, at the very end of our period, when the later Romanesque was already coming in. But the work must have been begun many years before.

richment of square strips and long-and-short work, are familiar to every student of such matters. Sixteen years ago I was surprised and delighted to come upon a group of towers of essentially the same character in the heart of the Pyrenees, gathering round that striking minster of Saint Aventine of which I have already spoken. In later journeys I came across towers of essentially the same kind in the great Burgundian Abbey of Saint Maurice* and in the great Swabian Abbey of Schaffhausen.† So close a likeness in such distant spots could hardly be the result of accident; it could hardly be the result of copying from one another. Earls Barton and Saint Aventin were not likely to seek their models at Schaffhausen, and Schaffhausen was still less likely to seek its models either at Earls Barton or at Saint Aventin. But all roads lead alike to and from Rome, and I felt convinced that the key to the likeness was to be found in all being derived from a common Italian source. The likeness among the various forms of Romanesque architecture answers to the likeness among the various dialects of the Romance speech, and it is to be accounted for in the same way. As I carried my researches further, I found towers of the same type in every part of Germany which I visited, at Dortmund and at Bremen, at Coblenz and at Würzburg. I found the banks of the Main and the Alpine pass from Innsbrück to Trent set thick with them. Once south of the Alps, there was no longer any doubt about the matter. The smaller and ruder examples of Italian towers are identical with those in our own land. There are towers at Verona and at Lincoln which might change places, without either seeming to be in a strange land. If Schaffhausen and Saint Maurice seemed like glorified forms of our own rude "Saxon" towers, the great Saint Zeno seemed like a glorified form of Schaffhausen and Saint Maurice. The matter seems absolutely beyond doubt. Up to the eleventh century, no less than in the seventh, men went on building "juxta Romanorum morem." They followed Roman models, not only by some vague tradition, but by a conscious imitation of the buildings, whether of the Eternal City itself or of the hardly less renowned cities of Lombardy and Tuscany.

The little that I have to say of the buildings of Germany will find its best place at this point. It seems to me that, while in other countries the Primitive or Italian mode of building was actually displaced by new developments of art, in Germany the Primitive style of Romanesque went on, improved but not displaced, through the eleventh and twelfth centuries, till all Romanesque everywhere began to give way to Gothic. The German churches of the twelfth century show us, in a greatly improved form in many features, which in England or Gaul we should unhesitatingly assign to a date not later than the eleventh. The difference, small as it is, between the earlier and the later Romanesque of Germany may well be studied in the churches of Soest—that strange, shrunken-up Westphalian Hanse town—especially in the two great churches of Saint Peter and Saint Patroclus. At the other end of the kingdom, the Great Minster at Zürich of the twelfth century does not differ essentially from the work at Schaffhausen of the eleventh. The work is rather more finished and rather more enriched, and that is all. Here, as at Mainz and Dortmund, and in countless other German churches, the massive square pier prevails, and it seems to me that one of the changes which mark the later German style is that the square pier now became dominant, and drove the column, for the most part, into quite secondary positions. In the two great Romanesque churches of Hildesheim, Saint Michael and Saint Godehard, we find, as in many Italian buildings, the square pier and the column alternating or intermingled. The capitals are of various strange forms, but what is most to be noticed is that they retain the Ravenna stilt, which appears also, perhaps in a less marked form, in the elegant chapel of Bishop Meinwerk at Paderborn.* The alteration of the square pier and the column, but without any of the eccentricities of Hildesheim, appears in the church of Saint Burchard at Würzburg, a building of the eleventh century of distinctly Primitive style. But the use of the column by itself seems in Germany to be confined to quite small buildings, such as the thoroughly basilican church of Saint James at Bamberg, or in the two castle chapels one over the other at Nürnberg, utterly contrasted as the two are in the proportions of the columns employed. The massive round piers, columnar or *quasi* columnar, with which we are so familiar in

* The present tower was built, partly out of Roman materials, by King Rudolf of Burgundy in 1014.

† The tower and the whole church are of a piece. I feel sure that the date is 1040, but I cannot at the moment lay my hand on any authority.

* The date is 1008.

England, seem never to have been used in Germany at any time. With regard to the towers, the belfry-windows of the twelfth century supply a remarkable study of the way in which the Primitive coupled window with mid-wall shafts gradually changed in some cases, during the latter half of the twelfth century, into something more like the ordinary belfry-windows of our Norman, while in other cases the hardly modified Primitive belfry-window went on to the end of the twelfth century, perhaps even into the thirteenth. Here and there we find German buildings late in the twelfth century, or even early in the thirteenth, like the palace at Gelnhausen and some parts of the cathedral at Trier, which are still purely Romanesque, but which rival the richest and lightest buildings of the later Italian Romanesque. But, as a rule, much of the Primitive feeling hangs about German Romanesque down to the time when it finally gave way to Gothic. The towers especially, tall, square, unbuttressed, with their shallow pilasters and arcades, keep on Primitive forms through the whole of the Romanesque period, and even hand it on to many examples of the earlier German Gothic. That wonderful grouping of the many towers of the German churches which goes on through the whole Romanesque age, and which gradually dies out with the development of Gothic, is a purely national feature which has nothing the least like it either in Gaul, in England, or Italy. And the churches themselves, the great minsters even more than the smaller ones, in their comparative plainness, their lack of artistic composition in the main arcades, the general squareness and hardness of detail, the use of the double splay in the windows, all seem to belong to an earlier stage of art than the contemporary buildings of England and France.

In Germany then the Primitive style was not so much displaced as improved, and no hard line can be drawn between the earliest buildings of the country and the latest in which no signs of the coming Gothic have begun to show themselves. In other countries, the latter half of the eleventh century is marked by a distinct change of taste, and in England we find a distinct displacement of one style by another, just as there was a partial displacement of one language by another. The art of Normandy became the fashion, just as the speech of Normandy did. In Aquitaine it is hardly possible to avoid seeing the working of an influence from a more distant quarter, the result of an acquaintance with Eastern

forms, Byzantine and Saracenic. In Italy the change took the shape of a falling back upon earlier forms which brings the architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries far nearer to classical models than the architecture of the intermediate ages. But everywhere the latter half of the eleventh century is a time of great architectural developments. The age when men's minds were stirred up to and by such events as the struggle between Pope and Cæsar, as the first preaching of the Crusades, as the great advance of the Christians in Spain, as the Norman conquests of England and Sicily, was an age which could hardly fail to leave its mark on art, as well as on every other fruit of man's intellect. It is no slight sign of the times that the mighty temple of Pisa was reared as a trophy of victories won by her gallant citizens over Saracenic enemies in fellowship with Norman allies.

In Italy then the change took the form of a revival. Between the days of Ravenna and the days of Pisa and Torcello, a style had been worked out in the great churches of Milan and Pavia, in which the massiveness of the square pier seems to have reached its height, and in which fancy ran wild in the strange and grotesque designs of the capitals and other ornaments. Such a style, which seems to have developed its characteristics as early as the ninth century, had much in common with the Northern Romanesque, to which it doubtless suggested ideas. The interior of Saint Ambrose at Milan, so far as it remains untouched by the changes of the twelfth century, looks like a rude foreshadowing of one of our own Norman buildings. It must have been a distinct reaction, a conscious falling back on the more graceful forms of earlier times, which led to the restoration of the basilican type at Lucca and Torcello. The massive and cavernous forms of Saint Ambrose and Saint Michael were left to the nations beyond the Alps, and Italy again fell back on forms essentially the same as those of Spálato, till her national architecture perished in the vain attempt to transplant the Gothic of the North to an unkindly soil.

Beyond the Alps, the national styles which arose at this time differ, as I have already said, far less in their detail than in the general design and composition of their buildings. It is true that as the traveller goes northward, he finds detail growing less and less classical at every step. Aquitaine is more classical than France, France than Normany, Normandy than England. But these differences are, after all, not very

important. They are hardly more striking than the local varieties of style which we find in all times and places; the component parts of an Aquitanian building would often seem quite in their place in England. But the general effect and spirit of an Aquitanian church, with its wide and often aisleless body, its cupolas, its barrel-vaults, its pointed arches introduced when there is not the slightest sign of approaching Gothic, make the buildings of Southern Gaul as unlike as possible in general effect to anything to which we are used in Northern Gaul and in England. Where arcades are used, the rectangular pier, but in a less massive form than those of Germany, is preferred, as in the great abbey of Saint Sernin at Toulouse; a church which, built in the eleventh century, exhibits an earlier form of Aquitanian art, and which in its own class may almost rank with Durham and Pisa.

Meanwhile in Northern Gaul the familiar Norman style was growing up. We can trace its growth in its own country from churches like Bernay and Jumièges, where traces of the Primitive style still linger, to the fully developed Norman of William's own St. Stephen's, and thence to the more gorgeous forms of Bayeux in the next century. The introduction of this style into England is, as I have already said, a matter of recorded history. It made its first appearance in Edward's church at Westminster, which was rising in the new style while Odda was building his lowlier minster at Deerhurst in the style of his forefathers. The Norman Conquest confirmed the victory of the new fashion, but the two styles went on side by side almost to the end of the eleventh century. The churches of Bishops and Abbots, the castles of the King and his nobles, were built in the style of the conquerors, while the primitive forms of the vanquished still lingered on in lowly parish churches. Coleswegen at Lincoln built his churches in the ancient style, while the Norman minster and castle were rising above his head.* Ealdwine repaired the churches of Benedict Biscop at Jarrow and Monkwearmouth in a style not widely differing from that of their first founder.† And he did so barely twenty years before William of Saint Carilef began to crown the peninsular height of Durham with the noblest work of Northern Romanesque. The existence of two styles of architecture side by side, just like the existence of two languages, of two legal

and social systems, is exactly what we should look for in such a state of things. Yet so hard it is for some minds to understand the nature of an argument that the fact has actually been turned the other way. The fact that some "Saxon" buildings are later than the Norman Conquest, as some Norman buildings are earlier, has been used to show that England had no distinct style of architecture before the Norman Conquest. Yet the fact that Coleswegen and Ealdwine built their churches in the elder style, while buildings in the newer style were rising everywhere around them, is a far more distinct proof that there really was a distinct earlier style, and that men were conscious of the difference, than any number of examples actually of earlier date.

By the end of the twelfth century then the new local forms of Romanesque were fully established in most parts of Western Europe. The relations of these styles to the contemporary Saracenic architecture, the stages of the Transition between Romanesque and Gothic, that is, the steps by which the architecture of the round arch gave way to the architecture of the pointed arch, hardly form part of my present subject. My business has been to plead for Romanesque as a true and independent style of architecture, to plead for it as a style of unsurpassed historic interest. I know not what may be the feelings of others, but to my own mind Romanesque is the most historic of all styles. A Romanesque church or castle always seems to carry me nearer than any other building to the men who dwelt or worshipped within its walls. In a grand Gothic building, the purely artistic effect is so perfect, so entrancing, that it is hard to turn our thoughts from the art to the history. Take the two minsters at Rheims. The metropolitan church is one of the noblest triumphs of human skill; for that very reason it is less easy to enter thoroughly into its historic interest than it is in the Abbey of Saint Remigius. In the cathedral, the perfect harmony of pillar and arch and vault, the glorious colours of the windows, above all at the happy moment when the rays of the setting sun stream through the great rose, hardly leave us the will to think of the long series of pageants on which the painted forms in those windows have looked down, or even on that great day of all when the Maid stood, with her banner in her hand, beside the King whom she had led thither to his crowning. In the abbey, grand and solemn, yet strange, uncouth, and disproportioned, every stone

* See Norman Conquest, iv. 219.

† Ibid., iv. 685.

seems to speak of its historic associations. Pope and Cæsar, Bishop and Abbot, rise up before us almost in their personal presence as they came together on the great day of its hallowing. We go back even to days earlier still, to days before the foundations of the present pile were laid, to the long array of princes and prelates who found their resting-place on that spot, and to the one day in all recorded history when a lawful Emperor received the crown of Augustus within the limits of the Western Kingdom. In the like sort, William and Lanfranc live at Caen, Odo lives at Bayeux, and William of Saint Carilef lives among the mighty arches of Durham, while later founders have reared works so perfect in themselves that we hardly stop to think of those who reared them. In a wide

view of history, no time has a higher interest, no time is richer in instruction, than the long ages which pass on, like a stately procession, from the days of the Cæsars of Illyricum to the days of the Cæsars of Hohenstaufen. And alongside of the study of law, and language, and religion through those long and eventful ages, the study of their material works will form no unworthy companion. From the marble campanile of Pisa to the rude tower of Saint Regulus overlooking the Northern Ocean, each building has its tale to tell us; each brings home to us, in a way which earlier and later buildings hardly can bring home to us, the thoughts and deeds of the men who lived and died, who fought and wrote, beneath their shadow.

It has not often been the fate of nations to undergo within the space of two centuries such stringent processes of denationalization as have been applied to Alsace and Lorraine in directly opposite directions within that period. The denizens of those contested regions, who are being re-Germanized in no soft-handed manner, may still thank the milder principles of the age that it is not with them as it was with their great-grandfathers, when Louis XIV. determined on turning them into Frenchmen. As soon as Strasburg had been clutched by the surreptitious *tour de force* of October, 1680, Louis took the Cathedral from its Protestant worshippers, in spite of promise given, and handed it over to the Roman Catholic prelate. All Lutheran officials were displaced; in the country parishes even the Protestant pastors were turned out, though at Meysenheim the women made a gallant stand and thrashed the French ejectors before the process was completed. French names were given to many places, instead of the old German names. On the 4th of June, 1685, a mandate was issued to the effect that every Protestant who should embrace the Catholic religion should be excused from the payment of debts for three years. And another equally arbitrary enactment, possibly more popular with the daughters than with the fathers of Alsace, ordained that the French fashion in dress should be adopted by all young persons of the female sex. Now, as the old Frankfort Relator observes, it was a very costly matter for the Germans to imitate the French in dress, and hitherto the magistrates of Strasburg had been strict in requiring the maintenance of the national costume. The men, too, came in for their prohibition: they were forbidden any longer to wear the high-pointed hat of former days. The writer of the "Frankfort Relation" in 1694 says:—"The French Ministry have again invading AGE. VOL. XXVII. 1273

vented extraordinary means of extorting money. All the clergy are forced to purchase their offices over again. . . . The poll tax in Alsace and the Palatinate was very high on all the officials, and every man (non-official) was required to pay 1 reichsthaler, every woman 1 gulden; half those sums was raised on each child; 6 kreuzers on every cock, 4 kreuzers on every hen," &c. When he annexed Lorraine ten years previously, Louis had proceeded in the same uncompromising style to denationalize the province; removing all officials who were suspected of entertaining German sympathies, and forcing the young nobility into the ranks of his army. All the treasures of Nancy he removed to Paris.

Pall Mall Gazette.

An admirable plan for facilitating discussion at the meetings of local boards has been introduced by one of the members of the Wallasey local board. Mr. Cowan appeared in the board room with a parcel under his arm. This circumstance caused no apprehension, but when the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, to the dismay of all present, Mr. Cowan unpacked the parcel and produced a pair of cymbals, on which he began playing, stating that as he could not have his way with regard to a resolution he had wished to introduce, he would take care that no other member of the board obtained a hearing. He then commenced playing on the instruments, occasionally pausing for a few moments to deliver some forcible remark bearing on the question at issue. The board at last, instead of being moved "by magic numbers and persuasive sound," called in the police, who removed both the cymbals and the performer.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL
AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD.

BY CHRISTINE MULLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY SIR JOHN
SHAW LEFKOW.

In the weeks before the marriage Siword went continually backwards and forwards between Dilburg and Sollingen, which were distant from each other two hours by railway or three hours by road.

And these weeks were more agreeable to Emmy than she could have ventured to hope.

Mrs. Welters, cold as ever, nevertheless helped with a certain readiness in the many preparations which had to be made in this short time. Mina was away on a visit, and was not to return till after the wedding; and Elizabeth, zealous for Emmy's interests as always, had never shown herself more cordial and useful than now when she was on the point of separating from her.

The only one whom this last period before the marriage embittered was William de Graaff—William, with his pale, worn countenance, that would have excited Emmy's compassion, had she not observed with some fear, as before, the angry looks, full of hate, which he cast on her. In words, he uttered nothing. If possible he was even less talkative than before, and his restlessness seemed to have reached such a height that it was impossible for him to sit still.

Instead of sitting silently with a book before him, he now walked up and down the room with restless steps the whole evening; and any of the family who ventured to make a remark upon it, received for answer an angry retort to mind their own business and let him alone.

I believe that his mother conjectured something, although not the whole truth, of what was passing in him.

Her anxious looks frequently rested on him. Her voice lost somewhat of its ordinary harsh tone when she addressed him, as if it were softened by a compassionate tenderness, and more than once Emmy met her piercing eyes, as if they were enquiring of her the confirmation of what she observed in William.

Strengthened by the feeling of her own innocence, Emmy endured these enquiring looks as calmly as possible; but even if it were only on account of William, and the uneasiness which his behaviour continued to cause her, she was thankful for the prospect of soon going into a new neighbourhood.

She hoped that absence would calm down the feeling that had been transformed in William de Graaff from passionate love to hate, and would gradually restore the balance of his mind; and that whatever she might have to fear from him while at home would find its natural termination in her departure.

But in these last weeks before the marriage Emmy had not much time for reflection.

There was so much to provide, so many preparations to think off; so much to do and to order: so much to consult about with Siword as to the arrangements of their house; so much to choose and to inspect, that Emmy's days flew like minutes.

In the evenings Elizabeth came to Emmy's room under the pretext of brushing her hair in Emmy's company, but really in order to chatter about the future sometimes till midnight with all those coloured dreams which surrounded Elizabeth's intended marriage.

The similarity of both their positions as intended brides produced a greater intimacy between Emmy and Elizabeth than had ever before existed, notwithstanding their previous friendship for each other, and the near approach of their separation seemed to draw them still closer together.

When Elizabeth went at last to her own room, sleep did not require to be waited for by Emmy after a long troublesome day, and with the dawn of the following morning the pressure of business recommenced as before.

So passed the time with Emmy as in a species of intoxication in which both herself and her earlier sensations and emotions were lost.

The first week—the second week—the third week—and Siword and Emmy were betrothed; three, four, five, six, seven days—and, as in a fast gallop, when there is nothing on which the eye can rest, when sky and water, mountain and valley, tree and bush melt together in a confused panorama, and the only sensation is that one is rushing forward—so everything hurried on and on till the last day before Emmy's marriage.

All was in order—the trunks were packed. Siword had gone for the last time to Sollingen to bring back Seyna, who was to attend the ceremony on the following day. Elizabeth was taking a walk with Lieutenant Smid, and Emmy was alone in her room, sitting before the window in the favourite spot where, during all the time of her stay in her paren-

tal home, she had suffered so much sorrow, had wrestled with so much fear, where once cheerful dreams and visions of the future had visited her, and where a few months back she had sunk down in despairing sorrow.

Many thoughts and sensations pressed upon her in that hour. She pictured to herself how on an evening like this a daughter would feel who was leaving her father and mother and her dear home to follow the husband of her choice.

Involuntarily her thoughts took a definite form, and she gazed upon a vision — her father and mother still alive, and Bruno Eversberg her bridegroom.

The next moment Emmy started up from her chair. It seemed as if she had wakened from a strange dream which had lasted for weeks.

It appeared to her an impossibility that it could be herself who was to be married on the morrow and not to him, of whom, in this selfsame room, she had thought with so much love, and for whom she had prayed so fervently every evening.

The reality of the actual condition of things came upon her with overwhelming force. She tried to put it away from herself. She would be true even in thought to him who to-morrow was to be her husband. She would compel herself to think of all the blessings which she might expect with an upright man like Siword. But notwithstanding all her efforts she could not get rid of that restless, indescribable feeling which every now and then made her heart beat quicker, her cheeks blush without a cause, and filled her with a nameless anxiety. This feeling dated from her betrothal with Siword. It did not exist in his presence, which had a calming effect upon her, but came over her on the few occasions in which she was alone and could think.

Her room seemed intolerably narrow and stifling; and without any definite object, except to drive away the feeling, she betook herself to the garden, where she walked up and down sunk in thought.

As she stood by one of the flower-beds, amidst the tumult of her thoughts, one flashed upon her which brought the colour to her cheeks.

She recollected with a feeling of shame how she had been in the habit of going from time to time to the churchyard to visit the graves of her parents and of the parents of Bruno, and how she had discontinued this practice since the day when Bruno's faithlessness had become known to her. Since that day she had never been

able to think of him in so gentle and forgiving a mood as now upon the evening before her marriage. All the bitterness which had so long tortured her heart made way for the mournful tenderness with which we remember a departed friend whose life has been a source both of joy and sorrow, but a source which has been dried up by the all-annihilating power of death.

In this frame of mind Emmy resolved to pay a farewell visit to the churchyard where her beloved dead rested, and to strew flowers over their graves as a thank-offering to the loving recollections which she retained of them.

With a basket of fresh-plucked flowers in her hand, a light straw hat on her fair hair, a shawl loosely thrown about her to protect her from the evening chill, which after the heat of the day was coming on with the last rays of the setting sun, Emmy went out by the gate at the end of the garden, along a shorter path which led at the back of the next houses to the town-wall and through the town-gate to the churchyard outside. The walk did Emmy good; it calmed her feelings, and when she reached the quiet burial ground and had seated herself upon the bench nearest the graves of Bruno's parents, whilst her eyes rested upon the marble memorial of her father, there came peace and rest into her soul.

She had sat thus more than half-an-hour, and had divided the flowers between the two graves, yet she could not resolve to leave the peaceful stillness of the churchyard. She listened to the wind, which sighed through the weeping willows. She looked at the tomb-stones and monuments, which in the approaching twilight assumed strange forms and appearances; and wearied perhaps with the strain of the last few days and the heat of the weather, she felt her eyelids grow heavier and heavier and her ideas become confused, till sleep made her head sink down and her spirit lost itself in the land of dreams.

And a strange dream it was which visited Emmy.

She dreamt that she was dead, and that she lay in her coffin as she had seen her mother lie, motionless and with her eyes closed, although at the same time she could see all that was going on about her. All those whom she loved hovered round her like shadows, and greeted and beckoned to her, but indistinctly as if in a mist.

Two forms, however, disengaged themselves from the mist, and becoming more and more distinct, approached her on either

side of the coffin; and, although in her death-like trance she was not able to see them, she felt that Siword and Bruno were standing leaning against the sides of the coffin.

With a supernatural exertion she at last opened her eyes, and still she could not see them; but instead, the eyes of William de Graaff — those grey eyes, with the well-known look of mortal hate — glared at her out of the mist which veiled everything.

... She shrank back, and the chillness of death seemed to pierce her to the very bones. ... At that moment a warm hand was laid upon her head, and crying out and wavering between dream and reality, Emmy looked up, and saw Siword Hiddema standing before her, and heard him say in his well-known voice, "Child! child! how very imprudent of you to be sleeping in this night air."

She got up, shivering with cold and with the recollection of the dream, which had left behind it a strange fear-exciting impression. Clinging to Siword's arm, and pressing close to him, she walked from the churchyard along the dark lane, where the light of the clear starry heaven did not penetrate. She listened in silence to his gentle scolding for her imprudence. She understood but half of what he said; how the open gate at the end of the garden had given him a clue as to where she was gone when, on his return, she could not be found either in the house or in the garden.

Only by slow degrees she recovered her calmness, and as she walked home she was more silent than Siword had ever before seen her, and she hardly found words before they reached the house to ask after Seyna.

"I promised her if she would let Elizabeth put her to bed quietly to bring you to her," said Siword.

When they came upstairs to the child's bed, they found her already asleep, with her dark curly head sunk deep in the pillow, and her little soft white arms resting on the coverlet.

Full of tenderness Emmy leant over the little girl. Once more the conflicting emotions of that day were dissolved into a feeling of peace and harmony, and turning to Siword she said, gently and earnestly, "Siword, you must help me to be a good mother to her!"

For answer, Siword took Emmy in his arms and pressed her to his heart, and for once abandoning his ordinary calmness, he whispered softly to her, for fear of awakening the child, words as full of tenderness and passion as the youngest lover

could have uttered, and they came to Emmy as the first manifestation of the fire which smouldered under the cool surface, and gave a new field for thought and solicitude, till at last the day came to an end.

A short, restless night, full of perplexing dreams, and the wedding day of Siword and Emmy was dawning — a day so like all other wedding days, that I really don't know how to mention anything particular, always excepting the ceremony itself.

When Emmy woke, it was under the caresses of Seyna, who with bare feet had got out of her crib and had come quietly into Emmy's room and climbed into her bed. She took the child in her arms and listened to her childish prattle, which cheered her heart like a sunbeam, and prevented her from realizing the seriousness of the important day before her.

The whole morning, up to the last moment, she kept the child with her, and dressed her before she began her own toilet; and with her little daughter in her hand, she came down to meet her bridegroom when the moment had arrived to set off for the town-hall. Now, for the first time, the consciousness of the high serious interest of the day seemed to reach her, and it was a trembling cold hand which was laid in the calm, strong grasp of her bridegroom, and a deadly pale countenance which met his earnest, loving eyes. Then it all seemed to Emmy like a dream again, as in the last few weeks, and as in a dream they went first to the town-hall, then to the church, all in the proper order; and an hour later Siword and Emmy were man and wife.

The *déjeuner* that followed was like all festivals of the same kind; the proper dishes appeared, the usual wines were drunk, the usual toasts given, and even the usual tears shed by Elizabeth, who, inconsolable at the departure of Emmy, began to cry very early in the day, and threw Lieutenant Smid into despair in his vain attempts to comfort her.

Mrs. Welters followed the bride when she left the table to change her bridal dress for her travelling dress; and the same cold kiss on the forehead with which the stepmother had once received her stepdaughter was the farewell between them.

Emmy would fain have said a cordial word to the widow of her father, but it was as if her lips refused to speak what her heart could not offer. In silent emotion Emmy gazed at her, whilst Mrs. Welters turned away to go back to the company, and she herself quickly went upstairs.

Some moments later, whilst one of the

guests was endeavouring to enliven the somewhat languid cheerfulness of the party by some improvised verses, which engaged general attention, there sounded all at once a strange noise as of a scream upstairs. Before anyone comprehended what was going on, Siword and Elizabeth had sprung up and rushed out of the room, while at the same moment the company were thrown into fresh confusion by the breaking of a glass carafe (which William de Graaff let fall out of his hands), and the contents of which streamed down over the beautiful silk dress of his neighbour.

In the confusion of the moment, Mrs. Welters broke up the party at breakfast, and the company adjourned to the drawing-room looking into the garden, where they crowded to the piano; and the merriment, which had been interrupted for an instant, had well-nigh returned when Elizabeth came back and declared that the scream which they thought they had heard was mere imagination.

Siword and Elizabeth indeed had found Emmy's door locked, and to their anxious questions whether anything was the matter with her, she had given a tranquilizing answer, but had refused to open the door on the plea that she was dressing.

It crossed Siword's mind that her voice sounded harsh and strange; but as Elizabeth had gone down-stairs quite satisfied, he did not like to trouble Emmy with further enquiry.

Changing his own dress in haste, he found it impossible to go back to the company; he waited therefore outside her room, walking up and down in an anxiety which he could not explain to himself, listening to every sound which came from the room. Nearly an hour passed, when the servants came to inform him that the carriage was ready, and upon his repeated knocking, Emmy opened the door and stood upon the threshold. Siword, in great alarm, drew a step backwards when he saw the countenance of his young wife—a countenance so strangely altered as scarcely to be recognized from what she was an hour before as she stood by his side a beautiful but pale bride.

She had been extraordinarily pale the whole day; but what was that paleness compared with the deathlike pallor which now was spread over her face? What was the meaning of the blue, lead-coloured lips—the fixed eyes, with their despairing look, and her painfully altered features?

"Good heavens, Emmy, what has happened?" exclaimed Siword, when he had overcome his first speechless alarm.

Emmy slowly passed her hand over her forehead, as if to bring her confused thoughts into words; and when he once again hastily repeated his question, she answered, in a dull voice, almost without sound:

"Nothing, nothing! take me away from here, or I shall go mad;" and grasping Siword's arm, she drew him forward down the stairs.

In the passage Elizabeth and Seyna were waiting for her.

She accepted their embraces, then she disengaged herself, and was already sitting in the carriage before her husband had reached the hall door. An instant later the carriage drove away.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOLLINGEN.

"We must decide to-day about the rooms, Emmy. Would you like to stay here some time longer, or to go on with our tour?"

"Just as you like, Siword."

"No, not just as I like, but as it is most agreeable to you. Do you feel well enough to go on farther?"

"Oh, yes."

"Shall we go to the Kurhaus once more this evening? You have seen very little of it since you have been here. Or shall we accomplish our intended expedition to the Platte?"

"It is quite the same to me, Siword; do as you think best."

It was thus that, listlessly and without the slightest sign of interest, Emmy answered the questions of her husband, whilst she leant back in her chair, with her eyes half closed and her back turned to the beautiful prospect which their room on the *bel étage* of the hotel of the "Four Seasons" at Wiesbaden commanded, comprising the Kurhaus and its pretty pleasant grounds, where the choicest flowers were interspersed with fountains, of which the fresh splashing sound reached their ears.

Her listless, indifferent tone, however, did not seem to be regarded by her husband as anything unusual—at any rate, he did not appear to notice it. Seated in a comfortable arm-chair opposite Emmy, he took up his book again, after this short conversation, and apparently became wholly occupied in reading; but if anyone had watched him closely, they would have remarked his troubled look as his eyes wandered now and then from his book to the pale, worn face of his young wife, who in

the fortnight since her marriage seemed to have grown almost ten years older.

And there also lay on Siword's own face a shade of seriousness approaching to sternness; but a gentler expression came over it when, upon a deep sigh which seemed almost involuntarily to escape from Emmy's breast, he laid down his book at once and went up to her.

Drawing his chair near her, he took one of her hands in his, and said, in a gentle but earnest tone:

"Dear Emmy, things cannot go on as they now are between us. Day after day I have waited patiently till you should give me your confidence. I have not teased you with a single question, but I have acted as if I had not observed that anything ailed you, even in the night when you thought I was asleep, and I saw you get up and go to the other end of the room and weep in your distress. I have let it all pass apparently unobserved, in the hope that of yourself you would come to me as your best friend; but I cannot look on at this any longer, and I earnestly entreat you to tell me what is the matter?"

He remained silent, as if waiting for her answer; but Emmy withdrew her hand from his and covered her face with it, without saying anything. When Siword resumed, in a pressing tone, "I think, Emmy, that as your husband I have the fullest right to your confidence," she cried out, in a despairing voice, whilst she rose up from her half-lying position:

"Oh, Siword, Siword! be merciful to me, and do not torture me so! I cannot tell you what grieves me. Have patience with me, and perhaps I shall learn to bear it."

Siword turned pale at these words of his wife. He rose from his chair, and with an involuntary movement drew back a few paces before he answered:

"You confess there is something amiss with you, and yet you persist in your silence. Reflect, Emmy, that this is an important moment as regards our whole future life. When entire confidence does not exist between man and wife, happiness and love are impossible."

He was again silent, in anxious expectation of her answer.

But Emmy answered not.

She looked pale as death, and while she clenched her hands convulsively, her fixed and tearless eyes had the timid, wistful expression of a hunted animal, which sees no escape nor any hiding-place where to conceal itself—an expression which Siword found almost unbearable.

Turning away from her, he walked up

and down the room in strong emotion; and when he again stood before Emmy all gentleness had vanished from his face. In a cold tone he said:

"Make your mind easy, Emmy! I shall not trouble you further. It is not my habit to thrust myself into anyone's confidence, and I will not do so with you. Keep your sorrow to yourself, as you do not place sufficient trust in me to let me share it. I give you my sacred promise that this is the first and last time I shall ask you for it. I must, however, beg you to understand that we must not continue our tour. Under these circumstances it cannot give any pleasure either to you or to me."

The cold tone of her husband seemed to cut Emmy to the heart; she shuddered when he talked of returning home.

Before he could prevent her, she had slipped from her chair on to her knees, and taking his hand, laid it on her cold, pale cheek, while she looked up at him imploringly.

"Oh, Siword! do not speak so to me. I cannot bear it. Do not thrust me from you now that I have a double need of your patience and your love. I know how ill I repay your goodness to me, and that thus far I have not answered your expectations; still, have a little patience with me, and trust me when I say that it is better that I should bear my sorrow alone, than in common with you. I cannot tell you, Siword; indeed I can-not." . . .

For a moment Siword seemed to be moved. When Emmy at her last words burst into tears, he lifted her up and kissed her forehead before he let her go back to her chair. Shortly afterwards he left the room, and when a few hours later he returned to his wife, neither of them resumed the subject of their previous conversation.

Although quite as attentive to Emmy as before he was courteous rather than cordial or friendly in talking to her; his voice had a cold tone, and the stern, serious expression of his face was no longer relieved by a smile. If anything could distress Emmy still more in her present state of mind, it was this change in Siword; and when he said in the evening, "I have written to Sollingen to have everything ready for our return home," she had not courage to say a word against it, still less to allow him to perceive the despair which filled her heart at the thought of being back again in Holland in two days' time.

The lordship of Sollingen has already

come before you so frequently in this narrative, that I feel bound to give a short description of it before I conduct you into the future home of Siword and Emmy. Sollingen is a little simple village, half concealed between wooded hills, and as it is about twenty minutes' walk from a railway station one might easily pass it without observing any part of it except the old church tower and the castle, which from its elevated position is partially visible behind the hill.

In the winter and spring Sollingen is as good as deserted as regards the *beau monde*; and the four or five families who stay there all through the winter months are kept by positions and duties which bind them to the place. But in the summer, the only hotel where lodgings are to be had, "The Sollingen Arms," can hardly satisfy the demands for apartments, although it has been repeatedly added to and enlarged. Yes, and now that the railway has made even this district accessible, houses have begun to rise up here and there, built as a speculation with a view to letting furnished apartments; and Sollingen is thus gradually acquiring the peculiar aspect of those villages where, in lodging-houses with verandahs and striped blinds, the inhabitants of towns are received for the summer months, and where pale mothers and pale children come to seek in the pure country air new life and new enjoyment of life. And in this respect Sollingen has much in its favour, especially in its fine pure air, in the bathing establishment on the river which flows scarcely a quarter of a mile from the village, and in the right of walking up to the castle, which stands just above the hotel, as before stated, on a hill luxuriously wooded and boasting of a more beautiful situation and lovely view than any other country seat in the whole of Guelderland.

The castle, as mentioned in ancient chronicles, was from time immemorial the abode of the lords of Sollingen. This lordship formerly included an extent of territory which the eye could hardly embrace from the highest tower of the castle, and constituted the inheritance of an old noble family, who certainly could not have imagined to what ruin they would come in our time.

In the preceding century, the family reached the highest summit of their splendour; but later, for three successive generations, the increase of descendants and the consequent division of resources began to undermine its greatness. Then,

by degrees, here and there a portion of the property was converted into money, and the lordship was diminished to little more than an ordinary good-sized landed property, and at last matters went so far that the estate, burdened with heavy mortgages, was offered for sale by the last heir, the fortune remaining to him being quite insufficient to enable him to live in proper style. For a few years it was in the hands of an Indian sugar-planter, whose riches and love of change rivalled each other, and it was owing to this last mental quality that it had now passed into the possession of Siword Hiddema.

But this was not the only alteration which Sollingen had undergone. The old castle with its round turrets, its towers and loop-holes, was pulled down fifty years since, and a new house in more modern style erected in its place, more suitable to the modest means which the then owner could afford, and on a much smaller scale than it had been originally; indeed, it could only be called a castle on the strength of the old tradition which had not yet lost its force in Sollingen.

What the house had lost in antiquity and size, it had gained in cheerfulness and brightness of aspect with its light-grey walls and its wide doors, windows and jalousies; its pillars covered with creepers supporting a balcony above; below a portico, which, ornamented with rarest plants and shrubs, and stands of flowers and trailing plants, formed a delightfully cool, pretty place in which to sit and enjoy the splendid view of the valley, where the river meandered like a silver ribbon; of the village and church, the railway and the high road; of teeming corn-fields and dense woods, bare heaths and rich pastures, stretching far away into the distance, with an indescribable variety of tints and colours.

Great preparations had already been made in the village for the reception of the new lord of Sollingen and his young wife.

A committee had already been formed to regulate the festivities which were to give lustre to their arrival. The schoolmaster had already busied himself in composing a poem, which the school children were to sing on the occasion. It had already been debated in the council of the commune what sum should be granted from the public chest in addition to private subscriptions to meet the expense of the ceremony, when a letter from Wiesbaden, which reached the castle in the early part of September, frustrated the plans, by con-

veying the news that Mr. and Mrs. Hidema had cut short their tour and were to be expected at Sollingen that same evening.

A shell falling suddenly into the village would not have produced such a commotion and disturbance as this letter which was transmitted by the housekeeper of the castle to the burgomaster.

They had five hours before them, and in those five hours they did all that was possible.

The alarm bell which was sounded, and which put in motion two fire-engines from the neighbouring village, was the first means resorted to in order to make people aware of something unusual, and thus to spread the news like wildfire through the commune.

It was necessary to abandon a great part of the intended festivities; but a procession of honour was organized with all speed, a triumphal arch was erected by the peasants at the entrance of the village, with the words "Be welcome" on it, and flags were hoisted on the tower, the council-house, and on any private houses which possessed them.

There had not been such a hurry and bustle in the village for ages; such running and flying about had very seldom been seen, and seldomer, alas! such streams of rain as deluged Sollingen on that memorable September day.

From early in the morning till late in the evening the sky continued to be grey and lowering, and showed little sympathy with the Sollingites, who looked up imploringly to heaven.

The five-and-twenty notables who made up the procession of honour might be seen literally shining and dripping with rain. Three-fourths of them were peasants' sons, and were ranged round the closed carriage which stood ready at the station to receive the honoured personages of the occasion.

A melancholy ghost of a festivity it was indeed, that solemn entry of Siword and Emmy; the continuous rain seemed to spoil everything. The orange ribbons with which the peasant's hats and their horses were adorned, and the bunches of flowers on the horses' tails, were all discoloured and wet, and the individuals who undertook the duty of forming an escort sneaked along under their dripping umbrellas, evidently afraid of spoiling their best clothes, which they felt bound to wear, and they could hardly have been in a frame of mind suited to this festive occasion.

Finally, the wind seemed to think that the rain could not do enough to destroy

everything, and it was in a regular hurricane that Siword and Emmy were complimented by the burgomaster, whose address lost much of the dignity that distinguished it owing to the howling of the wind and the pelting rain, which hardly permitted him to be intelligible.

In a few words Siword thanked him for the honour paid to them; he then hastened with his wife to the carriage where Seyna and her governess were already seated, and drove at a quick pace up the approach to the castle.

An hour later the evening closed in, and all traces of the festivity had vanished.

The castle was enveloped in pitch darkness.

The wind whistled in the chimneys, howled in the corners, and drove against the windows, on which the rain clattered during the whole of the first night which Siword and Emmy passed at their own house.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE INTERVIEW AT THE "SOLLINGEN ARMS."

MAY I go back for a fortnight, worthy reader, in order to tell you what has happened?

Is Emmy's behaviour as unexplicable to you as it was to her husband?

I could hardly succeed, even if I wished, in throwing a veil of mystery over this important event in the life of Emmy Welters.

Mystery is not indeed part of my plan, and if I have hesitated for a moment before telling it to you, it is simply from the fear lest my pen should prove unequal to describe that hour in Emmy's life, when, coming into her room after leaving the wedding breakfast, she found on her table three letters which had been broken open, and which at the first glance she recognized as letters from Bruno Eversberg.

In that fearful moment when the scream which was heard by the party at breakfast below escaped from her lips, in that moment she comprehended everything with supernatural clearness. To her that moment was the revelation of all that was connected with the letters.

Everything lay clearly and distinctly delineated before her mind's eye.

She saw the letters, how they were written in America by her beloved friend. She saw them arrive in Dilburg, and she saw them opened and kept back by William de Graaff, first for the furtherance of his pri-

vate aims and wishes, and later to use them as an instrument for his dastardly revenge.

"When the day comes in which you will find yourself so wretched and miserable that no one in the world can possibly help you, think of this hour!"

The time had come, and William's words sounded in her ears while she stood there before the letters motionless and petrified, her hands pressed against her heart, that was beating violently, and struggling with the loss of consciousness which she felt to be threatening to overpower her.

"Nothing — no, nothing is the matter; I am only busy dressing." These mechanical words, uttered in a hoarse voice, were in answer to the anxious questions of Siword and Elizabeth; they sounded to Emmy herself as if some other person had spoken them, and yet they called her back to the terrible reality.

It was Siword who was at the door: it was her husband, whom a few hours before she had promised to be true and to love, to whom from this day she was to belong body and soul!

A shudder passed through her limbs; with trembling fingers she took up Bruno's letters.

She tried to read them, but she could not.

The written characters danced before her eyes; the lines melted into each other, and the words which she read mechanically did not reach her understanding.

She sank down on the ground, pressing the letters to her breast, with her teeth chattering, and gasping for breath.

"Yes, yes," she could with difficulty utter in answer to Siword, on his warning her that he was going to dress for the journey and asking whether she should be ready when he came back.

A moment longer she remained in the same position, with her forehead pressed against the door.

She then started up.

Her usual powers of thought returned.

Why that fearful emotion at the sight of Bruno's letters? What difference could they make in her position?

She was married and he was married. . . . But was he married? She hardly dared to entertain the thought — a thought which filled her with inexpressible agony.

The solution of the riddle was now in her hands.

She went to the dressing-table, filled a large glass of water and drank it off in one draught.

As she looked up she saw herself reflected in the looking-glass like a spectre in full bridal dress.

In an instant she tore the bridal wreath from her head, undid her white silk dress and let it slip down to the ground.

Then she again took up the letters.

One by one she read the address on each:

Kingdom of the Netherlands.

Miss Welters.

Dilburg,

in the well-known handwriting, the character of which was inscribed ineffaceably on her memory.

She was now calm, unnaturally calm, so calm as to be able to look at the dates and to understand the order in which they were to be read.

The latest date made her head swim again for a moment:

"August 2, 186—" The letter was, therefore, written this very month! Again she conquered her emotion and began to read.

The first letter she read was full two years and a half old, and was an answer to her letter about his mother's death.

However much gratitude, cordiality, and love was perceptible in every line, yet there was not a single word which passed the limit Emmy had enjoined, and yet the most superficial reader could not but perceive that the feeling which had penned this letter had nothing in common with simple friendship.

"But especially your letter fills me with gratitude, dear Emmy," wrote Bruno; "I know that you loved my mother, and that the words of comfort which you address to me come from your heart. They shine on me as a friendly ray of light from my native country, which is veiled from me in darkness, and I have read them again and again till I almost know them by heart."

The rest of the letter turned principally on the mother he had lost and so deeply mourned; just at the end he mentioned one or two matters relating to his personal interests — the prospects opening to him and the success they promised.

It closed thus:

"I do not know whether you will be allowed to write to me once again, but even if you are unable to do so I feel a conviction that I live in your recollection as you do in mine. This thought will comfort and strengthen me in every hour of difficulty, and give me power and courage to persevere in the work which will ensure my future."

The next letter was dated a whole year later, and was written in an excited strain.

It told of the unexpected prosperity of his affairs. The agricultural undertaking in which he was engaged had flourished and extended itself in a way which had surpassed his highest expectations, while Mr. Siddons had acted the part of a true friend by advancing him capital; so that Bruno, instead of being a simple manager, had become a partner in the undertaking.

"I feel that I am young again," he wrote, "that the recollection of the sorrowful past will be effaced by a happy future."

And the last letter, written in the current month, was in these terms:

"Emmy, my darling, all further secrecy is, Heaven be praised, unnecessary. Within a month I shall be with you, and no power on earth shall hinder me from making you my own.

"Your father will not stand in the way of our happiness; of that I am sure. If it is not too difficult, prepare him now for what I am coming to ask him.

"If you can and may, write a few lines to me at the *poste restante*, Rotterdam, that I may rely on your promise, and that I may still call myself

YOUR BRUNO."

She read it all.

She read it to the very end.

She did not scream, she did not give utterance to her pain and despair; she sat dumb and motionless, while no feeling except that of infinite sorrow and woe pierced her heart with hopeless anguish.

In her desperate agony the thought suddenly flashed upon her that the month of which Bruno's letter spoke was almost over, and that he whom she dared not, could not, meet might stand before her eyes at any moment.

In feverish haste she began to put on her travelling dress; she tried to force herself to control her thoughts, at least so far as to collect her things for her departure.

"Yes, immediately."

Siword had again knocked, and called out to her that it was time to be going away.

Away from here; yes, that was what she desired above all things.

Away from here, out of reach of Bruno's reproachful words and looks.

To meet her irrevocable lot; but away from here, where hate and revenge might gloat upon her misery.

She put the letters carefully in her pocket.

Then she opened the door.

This fearful hour in Emmy's life, as I

have sketched it, is but a faint impression of the reality; but I cannot represent it more fully.

There are passages in human life which no pen is able to describe.

It is but a weak sketch that I can lay before you; but in your own heart and imagination it must receive its form and colour. In your own mind you must work out what it wants in light and shadow and sharpness of outline.

Language is poor when it attempts to express every degree of pain which may, torture the human heart.

And if you have thought of Emmy in that hour, think of her also in the first days of her marriage.

Think of her with her husband at her side, and yet with her passionate love of Bruno in her heart.

Think of her with the painful knowledge of Bruno's speedy arrival in Dilburg, and the appearance of faithlessness which in his eyes must rest upon her.

Think of her doubting the justice of a Providence who could have permitted an action so cowardly and hateful as that of William de Graaff.

Think of her in the uninterrupted presence of Siword, whose searching looks she continually saw resting upon her; Siword, whom she must honour and love for the sake of the noble qualities which she had learnt to appreciate in him, and on whom she knew she inflicted disappointment by her inexplicable behaviour, for which nothing before her marriage had prepared him.

Think of her when the half-explanation between them had taken place, when the shadow of coldness and distrust had come over him, and a chasm had opened between them which would widen every succeeding day if she did not speak that word which alone could close it.

Could she speak that word?

Could she say to Siword, "I have become your wife owing to a misunderstanding. There exists one who is a thousand times dearer to me than yourself—one for whose happiness I would sacrifice my life and my salvation; with whom I would choose poverty and shame rather than a life with you full of enjoyment"?

No, she could not resolve to say that, and she did not say it.

She bore his coldness with so much else that she had to bear, because she must bear it. She followed Siword to Sollingen because she must follow him; and, from the moment she reached Holland, in constant terror, thinking that she saw or

should see Bruno, and yet with an unaccountable mixture of fear and hope.

Hope?

Yes, however unwillingly she returned to Holland, for fear of a meeting with Bruno, it seemed to her impossible that she could continue to live if no opportunity should arise of having an explanation with him; if she could not tell him face to face how all things had combined to make her believe him untrue to her; how she was the victim of treachery and deception; and that even Siword, who she knew to be incapable of an untruth, had spread an obviously erroneous report of Bruno's marriage.

She was not selfish in her grief.

Her sorrow was far less for herself than for Bruno's sufferings, which came before her mind incessantly.

Day and night she lost herself in conjectures about him.

When would the first doubt of her arise in him?

Who would speak the word which would pierce his heart like a dagger?

Would his grief be locked up in his own breast, or would he give expression to his sorrow and seek comfort?

But not alone Bruno; Siword's feelings also filled her with compassion.

The disappointment which he had so little deserved from her she took deeply to heart.

She understood this disappointment in its fullest extent when he had brought her into her home at Sollingen, which had been prepared for her reception with such care and forethought. She felt keenly what a different thing the arrival at home would have been had she not found those letters from Bruno, or if he had been actually married, as she thought he was when she gave her hand to Siword.

In storm and rain, at the close of the evening, they arrived at Sollingen. Siword helped her carefully out of the carriage, and, learning on his arm, they walked together through the beautifully furnished suite of rooms which were lighted up in honour of their arrival.

He explained all the arrangements of the house, he showed her all the alterations which he had made, but all in the cold tone he had adopted, and with the sombre shade that had come over his face, since the conversation at Wiesbaden had taken place between them.

No cordial word of welcome came from his lips, and with eyes dimmed with tears, and a choking in her throat which impeded every word, Emmy walked by his side

through the house. When they came at last to the little boudoir prepared for Emmy's special use adjoining the bedroom, she saw in its arrangement such generous expense, such good taste, in its silk hangings, its white and gold paper, the soft couch, the small, elegant writing-table, with her favourite authors beautifully bound lying upon it, and she could not but recognize Siword's careful love in a hundred little trifles which were evident at the first glance; she was no longer mistress of herself, and while the tears started from her eyes, she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and said in a whisper —

"Siword, say a word of welcome to me, that it may make it possible for me to accept all these proofs of your goodness and love, which I feel I so little deserve."

But Siword did not speak that word.

Disengaging himself from her, he said coldly —

"I will bid you welcome, Emmy, when that perfect confidence shall exist between us which is the first security of a happy united life, when in reality, and not only in appearance, you come home to Sollingen."

At these cold, repulsive words Emmy lost all self-command.

Sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

When she looked up again, Siword had left the room, and during the whole of the rest of the evening she saw no more of him. She sat there alone, surrounded by all these new and beautiful things, but listening to the howling of the wind and the clatter of the rain as an accompaniment to her sorrowful, despairing thoughts.

And yet to be alone was in a certain sense a relief which she doubly valued, after the weeks of uninterrupted companionship with Siword. There was some comfort in the feeling of being unobserved, and free to weep forth her sorrow till the source of her tears should be dried up.

She did not undress, and did not go to bed, but, turning down the lamp, she went to lie down on the sofa, in order to give free scope to her thoughts. The calm repose, after she had wept out the long-smothered sorrow, did her much good.

The conviction that her behaviour to her husband, such as it had hitherto been, ought not to go on much longer, that for his sake it could not continue so, was confirmed in her mind by the calm and thoughtful retrospect of it, which until now she could not enter upon.

It could not — it must not be continued.

She was the wife of Siword, and he must not be sacrificed to the mistake she had made in marrying him. She had accepted his hand of her own free will and choice, the hand which might be considered by any woman as a treasure to be coveted, and she ought not to endure that the alienation which had come between them should continue.

Could she by no other means overcome that alienation, except by a complete confession, such as Siword seemed to require, then she would appeal to his goodness and nobleness to stand by her in the task which duty demanded of her.

But this could not happen till she had come to an explanation with Bruno.

The desire for action which during all these weeks of anxiety had slumbered in her, now woke up with double force.

To attempt to see Bruno was out of the question; but to ascertain his address, to write all she must say to him before she could find rest, this she could and would do.

When she should have his answer in her hands, she would force herself, not indeed to forget him — that was impossible — but to drive back his image into the remotest corner of her heart; her duty must then come into the foreground, and it must be her main endeavour to be to Siword and Seyna what before God she had promised to be.

THE GENERATION OF ELECTRICITY BY A CURRENT OF WATER. — Zollner has ascribed the production of the electric currents of the earth to the incandescent molten masses in motion beneath the crust which generate currents in the direction of their own motion; and he has expressed the opinion that all current-movements of fluids, especially when in contact with solid bodies, are to some extent accompanied with currents of electricity that have the same direction as the fluids themselves. Zollner inserted the ends of the copper wires of a very delicate galvanometer of Sauerwald just within the wall of a caoutchouc tube conveying a stream of water, and observed a deflection of several degrees of the scale, thereby indicating the existence of a current whose direction is that of the water. The greater the distance between the ends of the wires — which, by the way, need not be exposed to the force of the current, but may be replaced by metallic plates lying against the wall of the tube — the stronger the deflection of the needle. While recently repeating Zollner's experiments, Beetz obtained (*Poggendorff's Annalen*, No. 7, 486) similar results, but found that the currents have a much simpler origin. The needle is deflected so long as the reservoir in which the water falls is not isolated. The metal tap, the stream of water, and the reservoir, in fact, form a voltaic element (brass, water, lead) whose current it is which deflects the needle. By filling the reservoir, and dipping the free end of the tube, also filled, into it, the current is observed though the water be shut off, nor does any change take place when the tap is opened. By simply inverting the position of the tube, the direction of the current is reversed; this is observed to be the case with or without a flow of water. If the reservoir be isolated, no current is formed; this is so whether the water be allowed to flow or not. When tap and reservoir are of zinc, no current is pro-

duced with or without a flow of water, and with or without isolation of the reservoir. According to Beetz's observations, then, no electricity is generated by a stream of water.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS OF THE SPECTRUM.

— Though under ordinary conditions only the portion of the spectrum which lies between A and H is visible to the eye, it has been found by Sekulic that the rays beyond the violet are distinctly seen if direct sunlight be allowed to fall upon the prism. Fraunhofer's lines as far as the N group make their appearance, and the M group comes out so clearly that its third broad line can be easily covered with the wire of the telescope. The N group is somewhat indistinct, only the bright bands being identified. The colour of this light is pale-blue or silver-gray. When examined with blue glass, this portion of the spectrum resembles a pale-blue vapour, at the background of which lie the dark lines; by using a violet glass, it appears as a silver-gray band with the lines on a completely dark field. The lines of this very refrangible portion of the spectrum agree most completely with those of the photographic spectrum given in Müller's *Lehrbuch der Physik*. (*Archives des Sciences*, No. 175, 237.)

It is announced in the *Journal de Sicile* that Donati has constructed a spectroscopic of twenty-five prisms, which shows only the line C and a small portion of the red on either side of the line. This instrument, which enabled him to detect the line C on the centre of a solar spot, will be used for examining not only the protuberances of the edge, but more particularly those on the disc of the sun.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ON THE ORIGIN OF SHAKSPEARE'S
"TEMPEST."

THERE can be no doubt that the obscurity which hangs around Shakspeare's life has helped to invest his fame with a kind of mythic grandeur; and that, apart from the sympathetic appreciation of his genius, which every mind endowed with poetic sensibility must entertain, there prevails, as regards this mighty artist, a half-unconscious impression that he rose from among his fellow-mortals by some sudden wafting of the divine afflatus, and that his intellectual track is not to be measured by the ordinary way-marks of cause and consequence. What would be the effect upon us, we sometimes cogitate, if Shakspeare's daily life were, by some wonderful biographical "find," to be laid bare before us? If diaries and letters, as circumstantial as those of Scott or Byron, were to inform us from his own hand of his progressive aims, studies, and modes of working? The difference to the apprehension of most of us would be something like that between viewing some hill prospect on a day when mists obscure all but its outline, and viewing the same prospect again on a day when the atmosphere is clear and reveals every intervening object. Under the revelations of positive detail, though the beauty and the grace and the interest of the landscape may even be enhanced, yet the effect of mysterious grandeur grows inevitably less. So have we watched the changes of Irish mountain form from the borders of the beautiful lake where the atmosphere, as capricious as the inhabitants of the land, seems to revel in the variety of effects it can produce. Under the veil of an easterly mist, how have the bold outlines of Mangerton, the Reeks or the Purple Mountain seemed magnified by the obliteration of all minor details. Vague, but abrupt in their grandeur they loom before us; by what steps their elevation may be measured we cannot guess. But suddenly the breeze shifts to the west or north, and then how has the play of light and shadow brought out each slope and each prominence. The height remains, but the sense of mystery is diminished as from object to object the eye is led onward and upward, amused with the construction as well as charmed with the grace of detail. Or again, at other times, the mist may clear partially and fitfully: a glimpse may be revealed, then closed again, doubt mixing with each perception of grove, or stream, or meadow.

And so it is with Shakspeare. Though

we have no definite biographical data within our reach to lay bare the progressive circumstances of his working life, yet it is undeniable that criticism has done something towards accomplishing the process in question, by reasoning out, inferentially, in a surprising number of instances, the pedigree and manipulation of his thoughts. Is this a grateful task altogether? In the first place we should ask is it a process of which the ordinary Shakspeare reader is at all adequately cognizant? Is it not still the accepted creed of most of us that the prince of dramatic poets was indeed too indolent or too pre-occupied to invent the framework of his stories, but that, taking readily any at hand that would serve his purpose he worked off his dramas at a heat, breathed fire into puppets of clay, soared to realms where his own fancy and his own divinations of human nature were his only guide, and found in his own fertile brain the sufficient seed-plot of all the rich ideas that crowded for expression on his pages.

Now, if this is the cherished as well as the instinctive creed of our Shakspeare reader, we counsel him not to plunge into the labyrinth of Shakspearian criticism which the busy industry of modern inquiry has elaborated. If he does, he will find that not for the general outline of the great poet's stories only, but for almost every turn and evolution the action of original invention is sternly denied him; and that not only for his plots, but for his similes, his characters, his fancies, his words, he is summoned to pay large discount at the bank of poetic tradition, till the sum total of his intellectual wealth appears to the dazed inquirer as though raised on credit—or, to vary the metaphor, is like a patch-work, laboriously constructed from hints and shreds derived from many sources; and, instead of imagining the mighty master seated on high between the genius of Tragedy and that of Comedy, and drinking his only inspiration from their glances, we are required to pose him in a well-furnished library, consulting now this volume and now that, "making studies" for a particular character or a telling episode, borrowing and recasting passages sometimes from heathen classics, sometimes from writers and translators of his own generation, but combining and selecting always, and bringing about the magnificent result simply by that wonderful gift of insight and assimilation, that immeasurable breadth and depth of sympathy, and that surpassing judgment which in him combined to constitute a creative

faculty far more really such than the ordinary inventor's subtlest cunning.

Is this too highly-wrought a conclusion? Read the body of criticism which has fastened on that play, of all he wrote perhaps the richest in fancy and apparent invention—we mean the *Tempest*. Our attention has been drawn to the subject lately by an able and business-like *résumé* of the literature connected with this piece, from the pen of a German, Johannes Meissner.* The writer does not advance much that is new or original, but he brings to a focus the principal lines of evidential criticism from preceding commentators, draws sensible, if not always irrefragable, conclusions, and makes us see clearly the bearings of special arguments on special points.

His seventh chapter is a lucid summary of all the "Quellen," or sources and spring-heads from whence the stream of Shakspeare's celebrated drama is presumably found to flow. We shall have to consider these presently, and to compare some of our German author's arguments and conclusions with the dicta of other inquirers. Meanwhile, the closing paragraph of the chapter referred to furnishes an apposite commentary on the observations just made.

"The preceding juxtaposition of derivative sources," says Meissner, "has given us an interesting glance into the poet's workshop. We see that, when he was in want of an action, of anything appertaining to story, he never drew from his own fancy. Was it that the inventive faculty of the novelist did really not belong to him? Was age beginning to diminish his powers? Or was it from a calculation of advantages, that, instead of letting the action evolve itself freely and unconditionally out of the characters, as would probably have been the case had he invented the action himself, he allowed the action, as it were, to join itself on to the characters from outside? Probably, it was from all these reasons combined. But, at the same time, we cannot shut our eyes to the inference, which, indeed, is corroborated by his other works, that, in the case of this first of all poets, the story-teller's inventive talent, which, as a rule, is less the gift of the German than of the Romance nations, less the gift of men than of women, was strikingly small in proportion to the development of his fancy in other respects."

It may be objected, that the restless

searching of German critics is apt to overdo this business of source-finding, and, in effect, we withhold our adhesion from some of Meissner's inferential juxtapositions; but it must be remembered that it was not by German critics, but by English critics, that the track of Shakspeare's borrowings was first opened up; and though the black-letter hunt may have been carried to extravagant lengths sometimes, yet the discovery of Shakspearian plots and ideas in books which, from all probabilities, external as well as internal, must have met the poet's eye, leaves no reasonable doubt as to the habitual manner of his working.

And so impressed were our old investigators with the evidence to this effect which came before them, that they grew restless when for any play a prototype was not forthcoming. Now, of such exceptional cases there happened to be two, *Love's Labour's Lost* and the *Tempest*. The black-letter hunt was up. That the tales on which these two dramas were founded must exist somewhere, was generally believed. In the case of the *Tempest*, Steevens took it for granted. Warton had a vague story about poor Collins in the latter melancholy stage of his life having told him of an Italian tale he had once seen answering the purpose required. Malone, indeed, ventured to doubt the existence of any such origin, and to propound the theory that Shakspeare, in the composition of this famous play, may actually have invented a new evolution of certain hints of character and action to be found in a tale of Turberville's, and in Greene's drama of *Alphonso, King of Arragon*. It did not seem much to assume of the greatest of all imaginative poets certainly; and, for ourselves, the odd thing to our minds, after all that has been said and proved, is to conceive that Shakspeare never should have invented *de première instance* at all. The derivative belief, however, hung over the minds of critics, and Joseph Hunter, in his Disquisition of 1839, dwelt upon the supposed *lacuna* in connection with the similar *lacuna* in the case of *Love's Labour's Lost*, with the view of enforcing his own belief about the early date of the play. He held that both these dramas were struck off from a common, as yet undiscovered, source; that, in Mere's catalogue of 1598, which mentions *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Love's Labour's Won* as two then extant pieces, it was the *Tempest* and not *All's Well that Ends Well*, as most critics have supposed, which was intended by the latter duplicate title.

"And here," says Hunter, "allow me to

* *Untersuchungen über Shakspeare's Sturm.*
Von Johannes Meissner. Dessau: 1872.

ask how it has happened that the critics abroad, and especially those of Germany, who are such great admirers of Shakspeare, have done nothing for us in this department?" (the search for originals). "... I would suggest to the lovers of Shakspeare on the Continent, that search should be made in the libraries for rare books of this class in the literature of the sixteenth century, and that a better service could scarcely be rendered in bibliography than to bring to light the rarer volumes of this rare class, and to make known what particular stories they contain."

Now, it so happens that at the time Hunter wrote, German erudition had made a discovery which it seems strange he should have known nothing of. Tieck, in the publication *Deutsches Theater*, 1817, had drawn attention to the similarity existing between Shakspeare's *Tempest* and the *Fair Sidea* (*Schöne Sidea*) of Jacob Ayer, a dramatic poet of Nuremberg, who died in 1605. The whole subject of the connection between the English and German stage in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries opened up a field for investigation unsuspected by the earlier commentators. We shall have to speak of this presently. Meanwhile, the points of resemblance between the stories of the two plays in question are, speaking generally, these: In both, a prince (Ludolf=Prospero), being unjustly driven out of his dominions, lives in seclusion and privation with a lovely daughter (Sidea=Miranda), and practises the arts of magic. The father and daughter are served by two dependants, the one an obedient, though unwilling, spirit (Runcival=Ariel), the other a coarse-grained being (Jahn Molitor=Caliban). By help of the obedient spirit, a handsome young prince (Engelbrecht=Ferdinand), son of the exiled sage's hereditary enemy (Leudegast=Alonso), is delivered into his power. The young prince is forced to hard servitude, especially to the task of heaping up logs of wood. The princess falls in love with him at first sight, and takes the initiative in declaring to him her affection and her compassion for his labours. Meanwhile, the father of the young prince laments his loss, and has consolation offered him by a trusty councillor (Franzisco=Gonzalo). The recovery of his son causes him great joy, the union of the young couple is ratified, and the prince-magician has his dominions restored to him.

Besides this, the main action of the play, there is in each a comical episode, or succession of rollicking incidents. Jahn Moli-

tor, though in some respects he stands in the place of Caliban, and sometimes plays the tricks ascribed by Shakspeare to Ariel, resembles in his *personnel* more properly Stephano, and Jack Pudding or Merry Andrew of German comedy. We have in Ayer wild music with drums and fifes, spirit, dances, mystifications, and practical jokes, and a general subjection of the rowdy characters to the superior authority of the magician, all which present an unmistakable counterpart to Shakspeare's conceptions; while, it should be said, that for the English poet's special delineations, both of Ariel and of Caliban, other sources have been discovered in the quaint mythology of the Rosicrucian system and in contemporary descriptions of savage tribes. None of the points of similarity between the two plays are more striking than the incident of the logs of wood. Engelbrecht says:—

Ludolf the Prince has made me captive.
Great sorrow and labour do I thereby suffer;
I am forced to bring a quantity of wood for him,
And to cut it up and divide it in pieces.

Says Ferdinand:—

I must remove some thousand of these logs, and
pile them up
Upon a sore injunction.

And then in both cases comes the pity and the proffered love of the maiden who beholds the labour; homely and rough and matter-of-fact in the exposition of the old Nuremberg playwright, superlatively graceful and poetical in that of the English dramatist:—

My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, &c.

Special coincidences of thought and expression abound. Both in the *Tempest* and in *Sidea* the young prince, attempting to resist the magician, is divested of all bodily strength by the wave of that potentate's wand. "Yes, it is pure magic," exclaims Engelbrecht; "I have lost the power of both my hands; I cannot stir, and, therefore, I cannot choose but be thy prisoner."

Come from thy ward (says Prospero to Ferdinand)—

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop. . . .

. . . . Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Ferdinand—So they are.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up, &c.

It is obvious that the similarities between the *Tempest* and the *Schöne Sidea*

preclude the hypothesis of mere accident as the ground of connection. The questions remain, did Ayer copy from Shakspeare or did Shakspeare copy from Ayer, or did both frame their stories from a common source, some legendary tale of the Middle Ages which has not come down to us in its original form? We may say at once that, for the first supposition, there seems to be no case at all. Whether from chronological or inherent improbabilities, no competent critics have thought the theory worth upholding. The doubt lies between the other two. Here also there is a common admission. That some early prototype for the story—that is, for its serious incidents—did exist, is believed by Meissner as well as by the critic in the *Athenæum* (1865), whose thesis he repudiates. There occur, it seems, in the serious part of Ayer's play, allusions which do not appear to grow out of the incidents as he represents them, and which are inexplicable, except as being carelessly taken from the original he had before him. But then again, says Meissner, remark this: The comic part of Ayer's play differs entirely in character from the main or serious action; the circumstances do not arise out of each other, the effect of the two portions is heterogeneous; the comic episode must either have been Ayer's own invention or have been derived from some other source. Now Shakspeare's similarities to Ayer run through both parts of the play, the serious or romantic, and the burlesque or comic. It is next to impossible that he should have hit upon the same two models that Ayer hit upon, and worked them together in similar fashion; or that, having drawn his romantic incidents from the same model that Ayer did, his invention should have supplied comic elements bearing so much resemblance to Ayer's. The inference is that he drew direct from Ayer himself, and not from Ayer's models; and from this inference there would seem to be but one possible escape, *i.e.*, the chance that the original story did contain the burlesque series of events as well as the serious, a chance which Meissner, at all events, thinks not worth considering.

And now, how stands the external evidence for Shakspeare's contact with Ayer? German investigation, beginning with Tieck's time, some fifty years since, has established the fact, undreamt of by our earlier commentators, that a close connection did, in fact, subsist between the English and the German stage in the latter part of the sixteenth and beginning of the

seventeenth centuries. English musicians and tragedians were in the habit of coming over to Germany and representing either English or German plays. Jacob Ayer himself, in the preface to his *Schöne Sidea*, alludes to the "new English manner and style" of acting as an attraction. In the year 1587, we find a Frankfort poetaster talking of his

Intent

To go and see the English play,
Of which men have so much to say.

Da war nur weiter mein Intent
Zu sehn das Englische Spiel,
Davon ich hab' gehört so viel.

In the same year (1587) there is extant a salary-warrant of Duke Christian of Saxony for "five fiddlers and instrumental musicians from England," two of whom happen to be "Thomas Pope" and "George Bryan," names known as belonging to two of Shakspeare's subsequent colleagues at the Blackfriars Theatre. There is extant, also, the note-book of one John Cellarius, of Nuremberg (Ayer's city), in which are found the autographs of the English players, Thomas Sackville (dated 24 | 3 1606) and John Bradstreet (1 | 2 1604); also an autograph fugue by the well-known composer John Dowland, who, some think, is commemorated in Shakspeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*. Again, the Nuremberg archives contain a notice that in October, 1612, certain English actors engaged by the Landgrave of Hesse played in that city some tragedies and comedies "*partly* unknown in Germany:" and another notice, apparently still more to our purpose, that on Sunday, the 27th of June, 1613, and for some days following, the servants of the Elector of Brandenburg and some "English comedians" acted, in costly masques and apparel and in "good German speech," the "beautiful comedies and tragedies of *Philote* and *Marianne*, of *Celide* and *Sede*." &c. There would seem to be a little uncertainty whether *Celide* and *Sede* are the names of two plays of one: if of two, it is pretty clear that *Sede* must be the same with the *Schöne Sidea* of the Nuremberg playwright. And it is to be remarked that this same year, 1613, happens to be the date of the first positive notice we have of the *Tempest*. According to the accounts of the Lord Treasurer Harrington, it was acted with other pieces on occasion of the marriage festivities of the Prince Palatine and Elizabeth, daughter of James, I. True, there is no proof that it was then represented for the *first time*, but sticklers for

the latest date assignable to the play are willing so to believe.

There exist other traces besides of Shakspeare's acquaintance with German dramatic writers. Instances have been produced from *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, betraying suggestions from Ayrer's *Phœnizia*, and from two plays of Duke Julius of Brunswick. Tittmann, indeed, has tried to make out that Shakspeare himself once resided in Germany; but though his case must be regarded as *non proven*, still there is abundant documentary evidence that, for at least five-and-twenty years, the histrionic intercourse between the countries was frequent and familiar. This is natural enough, when we consider how much general intercourse between them the Reformation had brought about; how common it was for English Puritan divines to take up their abode at Frankfort and other places; how many German theologians settled at the English Universities; how much the writings of Luther were read by the adherents of the Reformation. Karl Elze, a noted Shakspearian commentator of our time, in his preface to an edition of a play of Chapman's, which itself contains German-speaking characters, brings forward the names of many persons at the English court who, when Chapman wrote, can be proved to have understood German. That Marlowe's *Faustus* was derived directly from the story as told in the German popular legends, has lately been argued with much plausibility. All this intercourse was brought to an end, as it would seem, by the troubles preludeing the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. Germany, harassed by internal discord, fell into the rearmost ranks of civilization. France, and the French connection, were everything to the England of the later Stuarts. When the Hanoverian succession, a century after Shakspeare's death, brought England and Germany together again, they met as strangers, with very scant international sympathy. We know that Lord Carteret's acquaintance with the language of his master, George I., was then the most rare of accomplishments.

We now turn to another part of our subject. The play of Shakspeare, like that of Jacob Ayrer, betrays the action of more origins than one. For the whole nautical part of the *Tempest*, there exists no hint or model in the German piece. Was this nautical part, then, invention purely? Here, enthusiasts jealous for the supposed honour of Shakspeare have flourished their trumpets, and talked of "the poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," and his "bodying

forth the forms of things unknown," &c. Could Shakspeare, forsooth, not have framed out of his own conception the storm, the shipwreck, and the enchanted island?

It seems almost an ungracious task again to "syllogize invidious truths," as Dante has it. Shakspeare, we know, had an inveterate habit of borrowing his plots. Narratives of shipwrecks, &c., did exist when he composed his play, bearing strong resemblance to his own in form and expression. He must, in the ordinary course of things, be supposed (whether he borrowed from them or not) to have seen these particular narratives. Now, what inference remains to be drawn from such premises? The particular question, from what authorities he borrowed, will lead us to the much-vexed question of dates.

Theobald and Capell first pointed out the probable connection of the storm and the enchanted island with the voyage and shipwreck of Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates on the Bermudas in 1609. The hint that set them on this track was the reference in Ariel's speech, where he says to Prospero (Act i. sc. 2):—

In the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vexed Bermoothes.

Malone worked out the hint circumstantially, and, with true commentatorial jealousy, was careful to show that his conclusions were more purposelike and definite than anything advanced by his predecessors. Supposing the play to have been immediately inspired by the news of the Bermuda disaster, he assigned the date of its composition to the first half of the year 1611. By so doing, he excluded the influence of some important pamphlets on the subject, which came out rather later; and subsequent Bermudists have preferred to fix the date of composition close upon the representation of the play recorded in the Lord Treasurer's accounts, i.e. the spring of 1613. Since its first suggestion, the Bermuda theory has been the one most generally received. Meissner, the German critic, whose work is now before us, gives it his full adhesion.

A bold objector, however, in 1839 advanced a different opinion. The Rev. Joseph Hunter fished up another island to lay claim to being the seat of Prospero's sovereignty. Geographically, there was certainly some *vraisemblance* in the idea that Lampedusa, the rocky islet in the Mediterranean, was the stone of stumbling for the king's ship bound home to Naples, and not the distant rocks of the

Atlantic. Indeed, we cannot help being reminded—as regards the Bermudas in this connection—of Don Quixote's polite remonstrance to the Duchess: "But may I ask *why* your highness embarked at Osuna, seeing that is not a seaport town?" Negatively, Hunter proved with some force that Ariel's reference to the Bermudas was quite explicable irrespective of the Gates and Somers shipwreck; that to talk of that occasion as the "discovery" of the Bermudas was a misnomer; that the islands were well known by fame to the English public before that date; in fact, that their weird tempestuous character had become a commonplace with writers. Had not Sir Walter Raleigh, in his *Discovery of Guiana* (published in 1596), spoken of the Bermudas as a "hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms?" Had not Sir Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke) written, as early as when he and Sir Philip Sydney were young,—

Whoever sails near to Bermuda coast,
Goes hard aboard the monarchy of Fear, &c.?

That Shakspeare had a prototype for his description of the storm itself, Hunter doubted as little as anybody else; and he it was who first drew attention to the elaborate description of a similar catastrophe in the 41st canto of Ariosto, where the resemblances are so many and so minute that even Bermudists have since admitted this passage as at least one of the sources of Shakspeare's imagery. Then, the island on which Ariosto's adventurers were wrecked, if not Lampedusa itself, was clearly in its vicinage, and might, presumably, have led Shakspeare's fancy to the spot. These were Hunter's strong points. But, if he prided himself on the force of his geographical argument, he ought to have seen that in it lay the seeds of weakness to. If it were as preposterous as he supposes to imagine Shakspeare casting his voyagers from Tunis to Naples on or near an island 3,000 miles beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, why did Ariel talk of being sent from a nook in Lampedusa to fetch dew from that very locality? Did not Ariel's speech imply the neighbourhood, at all events, of the Bermudas to the island where Prospero was living? For the rest, Hunter laid stress on the accounts of Lampedusa as rocky and desert, and especially as abounding in firewood, with which article he found out that it supplied Malta. Now, had Hunter come across the *Schöne Sidea* of Ayres, he would have seen that assuredly there, and from no Lampedusan stores, the captive

king's son found the log-work prepared for his hands.

Meissner, in his *résumé* of the critical theories regarding the *Tempest*, utterly scouts Hunter's Lampedusan fancy, though he does not take the trouble of discussing it in detail. But he accepts the reference to Ariosto, and, in fact, adds to its force by citing passages from other cantos—the thirteenth (15-19) and the nineteenth (50, &c.)—which Hunter had overlooked, and which supply some significant touches, as, for instance, the description of the St. Hermus' light, analogous to the fairy flame of Ariel on board the struggling vessel:—

Ma diede speme lor d'aria serena
La disziata luce di Santo Ermo,
Che 'n prua s'una cocchina a por si venne,
Che più non v'erano arbori né antenne.
Veduto fiammeggiar la bella face,
S'inginocchiaro tutti i naviganti, &c.

Compare *Tempest*, Act ii. scene 2.

In every cabin I flamed amazement, &c.

And is there no such thing as an original conception? asks one of our English commentators indignantly. Must there needs be an eternal succession of borrowings among great poets? If Ariosto suggested the description of a storm to Shakspeare, who suggested it to Ariosto? Now here we have simply to repeat the remark we made before. A certain publication is before the world which for Shakspeare *not* to have seen is most difficult to believe. Sir John Harrington, a courtier and a friend of Queen Elizabeth's and a noted man of letters, put forth a translation of Ariosto in 1591. The Italian poets were very much studied at that time in England, and Harrington's *Ariosto* was a noted and popular work. The argument of the derivativists as against the advocates of spontaneous generation is not—Here in some obscure black-letter author we have found a conception which resembles one of Shakspeare's, and which, therefore, Shakspeare may have got hold of and copied; but—Here is a narrative, fictitious or otherwise, which, reasoning from external probability, must have come under Shakspeare's eyes. If striking coincidences of thought and expression are to be found between a scene of Shakspeare's and a portion of such a publication, it must be borne in mind, therefore, that there is an antecedent probability of connection to set out with.

But Meissner does not take Ariosto's storm as the real inspiring cause of

Shakspeare's, however ideas derived from it may have haunted the later poet's mind. Meissner is a strong Bermudist. He assumes the latest date for the composition of the play (1613), and he supposes it to have been, as to its nautical part, founded on the accounts of the Bermuda storm and accompanying transactions, which appeared in the years 1610-1612, chiefly from the pen of a certain William Strachey, who is traced to have been Secretary and Recorder to the Council of Virginia in 1610; to have been lodging in Blackfriars where Shakspeare's theatre was situated, when he published a treatise on Virginia in 1612, and who is shown by his writings to have been a versifier, and also a master of a picturesque prose style. Nay, it is attempted to be proved that Strachey quoted *Hamlet*, but this is a far-fetched bit of induction from his reference to the "furious Pyrrhus," as likely as not to have been a proverbial expression. Besides, it is literally found not in *Hamlet*, where we have the "rugged Pyrrhus—the hellish Pyrrhus," but in the earlier play of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*.

Meissner shows unquestionably a very strong case when he brings forward the circumstantial account of the Bermuda shipwreck, which is to be found in Strachey's Tract contained in *Purchas's Pilgrims*, part 4, and is entitled—"A true repository of the wracke and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, upon and from the islands of the Bermudas; his coming to Virginia, and the estate of that Colonie then and after, under the government of the Lord de la Warre, July 15, 1610; written by William Strachey, Esquire." Why Meissner should speak of the tract in question as "a new and happy discovery" we know not. He is apparently ignorant that Hunter was aware of its existence, and refers to it (*Disquisition*, p. 33). Meissner, it seems, however, had written great part of his book before the Tract came under his own cognizance, and he gives its substance as a supplementary chapter, calculated to give enhanced strength to the views he had already advocated—in fact, as he believes, to establish his Bermuda views beyond all cavil. We freely admit that, if all difficulties as to the late date of the play can be removed, it would seem highly probable that Shakspeare did build his storm and island imagery mainly on Strachey's narrative: the coincidences are sufficiently striking:—The St. Hermus light, the death fears of the sailors, the enchanted fame of the island, its natural features, its

"standing pools," its trees—cedars, firs, and oaks—the conspiracies against the governor; we hesitate to add the tortoises, because the comparison of unwilling Caliban to that animal may have been just as likely suggested by the old proverbial fable of the hare and the tortoise.

But the date, is it supportable on other grounds? In the present state of evidence, we do not pretend to a positive opinion about this. Karl Elze, one of the latest German critics, advocates a much earlier one—1605. This would obviously cut the play altogether loose from the Gates and Somers Bermuda apparatus. Hunter, as we have seen, goes as far back as 1596; but there are improbabilities in his case on which we have not time to expatiate. We have spoken of 1613 as a positive note of time for a representation of the *Tempest*. The piece could not have been composed later than the royal marriage festivities of that year. There is another chronological mark which all critics have been obliged to take into consideration. In Act ii. Scene 1, Gonzalo, the old councillor, amuses himself and his shipwrecked companions by describing how he would govern and plant the unknown island were he its master. Now, the lines which convey Gonzalo's Utopian fancies are an almost literal transcript of a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, a book which was published in England in 1603. No commentator has ever doubted the connection. The citation is direct and unmistakable. Hunter, indeed, ingeniously evades the obvious conclusion that the *Tempest* was not written before 1603, by bringing evidence to prove that, at least, parts of Florio's translation were known to MS. for several years previous to its publication, and may have met Shakspeare's eye. In all these matters we are continually reminded how very shifting and uncertain most grounds of Shakspeare evidence are. Still, the connection with Montaigne is something gained for purposes of elucidation. Montaigne's chapter on the "cannibals" no doubt suggested the name of "Caliban" by metathesis; and the glowing description of savage virtues in Antarctic France, which the same chapter contains, furnished the very expressions of Gonzalo's speech. The idea of an intentional satire, a "polemick," as our German critic calls it, on the part of Shakspeare, levelled against the French essayist's whim of savage superiority, we incline to repudiate as far-fetched and unnecessary. But one possible suggestion strikes us as accounting for the reference to the "still

vex'd Bermoothes," in case it is thought advisable to take Elze's date for the play and keep it clear altogether of the Somers and Gates shipwreck of 1609. In the beginning of Montaigne's chapter on the cannibals, he gives an account of the fabled island of Atlantis, situated *droit à la bouche du détroit de Gibraltar* — the seat of so many Utopias of ancient and later philosophy. In imagining Prospero's locality, may not Shakspeare vaguely have thought of this Platonic region, not indeed as identifying the little desert domain of the banished prince with anything so grand as the peopled Atlantis, but merely as fitting into the same quasi-mythical portion of the sea's surface? Then, — though never purposely careful about geography — having driven his two sets of wanderers from Italy on a devious course beyond the straits which guard the Mediterranean, it might naturally occur to him that the stormy Bermudas lay likewise somewhere across the western wave, and that Ariel, fetching dew from them in his spirit-flight, was an easy transition of ideas as well as a poetical and musical allusion. It must always be remembered that for the king's ship to have been wrecked on the Bermudas, makes in no case any part of the story, though critics have sometimes been confused on this point. Ariel is sent by Prospero to the Bermudas; *ergo* he starts from some spot which is *not* the Bermudas.

But our space does not allow us to go into the question of date with any detailed examination. We can only touch upon a few salient points. Our doubt as against the late date preferred by Meissner — it is a very modest doubt, for, as before remarked, all inference on this point is of a most uncertain character — rests mainly on the general course of Shakspeare's poetic authorship. It is a plausible belief that the last cycle of Shakspeare's plays, composed in the learned leisure of his retirement from the stage, consisted of the subjects drawn from Roman history — *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus* — (1607–1610 according to Malone); possibly also *Henry VIII.* Now, the *Tempest* was a drama of quite a different sort. It was likely to have occupied him when he wrote such pieces as the *Winter's Tale*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but it was most unlikely he should have turned back to airy fancies resembling these, after the course of grave political and historic thought in which his later studies had involved him. On the supposed reference of the epilogue spoken by Prospero to

Shakspeare's own meditated abandonment of dramatic authorship, we can lay no stress whatever; and we own to some surprise at the general acquiescence of commentators in such reference. Even Karl Elze takes it as symbolic of Shakspeare's farewell to the stage, only he believes this, his last play, to have been written as early as 1604–1605.

We must hurry on to the mention of a few other points. For the masque in Act iv. a prototype has been found by recent commentators in the festal shows on occasion of Prince Henry's baptism in Stirling Castle, 1594. We transcribe Meissner's account:—

"The setting forth of happiness by the three figures — Ceres, Iris and Juno — was an idea Shakspeare borrowed from a description of the magnificent show performed by order of King James on occasion of the baptism of Prince Henry, heir to the Crown of Scotland and England, at Stirling Castle, in 1594. . . . Descriptions of it were printed, and came into Shakspeare's hands, and were by him afterwards used for his play of the *Tempest*. It was, indeed, as much as eighteen years later that the poet so used them, and he could not have drawn simply on his memory for them. But we must consider the mode in which our poet worked, and how he sought and combined carefully from the stores of his library the material of which he was in need. He wished to give a dramatic representation of the sum and substance of earthly happiness. He sought and found the means of doing so in the christening play. Perhaps, too, an external occasion may have awakened the memories of the royal court of Shakspeare and of London; for the Prince Royal Henry, who had entered life under these brilliant auspices, and in whose further career all the good wishes brought him at his baptism seemed likely to have the happiest realization, died suddenly, universally lamented, in the flower of his age, on the 6th of November, 1612; that is to say, at a moment when Shakspeare was, perhaps, actually at work on the *Tempest*."

Had Joseph Hunter caught sight of this citation — of which he certainly had no inkling when he wrote his pamphlet of 1839 — he would assuredly have seized upon it as an argument for *his* brief in the matter of late or early date, rather than for that of counsel on the other side. Does it not seem, he would have urged, on the face of things more likely that Shakspeare, writing in 1593, should have urged the materials offered by the court masque of 1594

than have recurred to them sixteen years later? But there is no advancing beyond conjecture. Of course, as Meissner observes, Shakspeare *may* have had the printed descriptions in his library ready for use when searched for.

The later the date of the play the more likely it is — when coincidences of thought and expression with contemporary writers appear — that Shakspeare plagiarized from others. The earlier the date the more likely that others plagiarized from him. This remark applies to the beautiful passage just alluded to — one of the most celebrated in the play — with which Prospero comments on the disappearance of the masque: —

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air — into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Now, in the tragedy of *Darius*, by Sir William Alexander (Lord Sterline), published in 1603, the following lines occur: —

Let greatness of his glassy sceptres vaunt:
Not sceptres; no, but reeds, soon bruised,
soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering
walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air.

There was an earlier model, indeed, which must have been known to both poets. It occurs in Spenser's *Ruins of Time* (1591): —

High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces.

All these, O pity! now are turned to dust
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.

Still the lines of Lord Sterline and of Shakspeare are so much alike as to argue a direct connection between them, and not a mere derivation of both from Spenser. If Hunter's date is correct, Lord Sterline and not Shakspeare would be the imitator: but the preponderance of critical opinion tells the other way. As to the supposed reference to Prince Henry's early death, it strikes us as one of those superfluous suggestions which are hardly worth discussing.

Shakspeare *may* have thought of a rheumatic attack of his own when he described so feelingly the aches and cramps with which Ariel tormented the rude seamen!

Another unmistakable borrowing of Shakspeare's is his farewell address to the spirits in Act v. scene 1. It is a variation of a passage in Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. But what a variation! He shows a fretwork of fairy fancies over the bare rafters of the classical original, and gives the force of picturesque detail and the charm of most musical expression to each adopted image. A more thoroughly Shakspearian passage does not exist throughout the range of his compositions.

To revert once more to the origin of the play. Anti-Bermudists may fairly say that there is nothing in Shakspeare's shipwreck which he *may* not have derived from sources disconnected with the Bermuda events of 1609; and that Rogers's shipwreck in *Ariosto* was a sufficient model for its main features. And here we may add, in aid of their argument, that there existed in Shakspeare's time another account of a shipwreck which he could not fail to have seen and studied, and which actually affords some of the touches for which precedents have been triumphantly pointed out elsewhere. We almost wonder that St. Paul's shipwreck, recounted in the Acts of the Apostles, has not obtained more notice in this connection. "There shall not an hair fall from any of you," says St. Paul to the frightened crew. "Not a hair perished," says Ariel. It was attempted to run St. Paul's ship into a creek with a shore, but it came to pieces on the way. Ariel guided the vessel of the King of Naples while it was in the act of "splitting" into a "deep nook." The attempt to lighten the ship had been made in both cases. Some of the sailors in St. Paul's ship escaped on boards and pieces of the ship; Trinculo on a butt of sack. Our limited space has obliged us to leave out some collateral arguments bearing on the question of date. The often-cited passage from Ben Jonson's introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, merely goes to show that in that year the *Tempest* was known as an acted play; and as a piece of evidence it is covered by the entry in Lord Treasurer Harrington's accounts mentioning its representation in 1613. The prologue to Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (1596), which Hunter also cites, is too vague to serve as evidence at all. Meissner lays stress on the argument for a late date derived from an examination lately made by another German

critic (Hertzberg) of the technical structure of the versification. But, as far as we can make out, this would throw the *Tempest*, at all events, into the same category as to time with the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, and show it to have been a much earlier composition than *Henry VIII.* for instance — the Roman plays not seeming to be included in the calculation.

Meissner's general hypothesis as to Shakspeare's mode of evolving his composition, has an unquestionable smack of German subtlety about it; but allowing for this his summary is a useful one. "We see continually," he observes, "that it was the characters which constituted the kernel and the starting point of his labours. For the most part it would seem that some course of reading or other awakened in him the idea of an interesting character, a model for the exposition of some special region of psychology. The action by means of which the character displayed itself appeared as the second subject for consideration. According to this view the starting point for the *Tempest* was not furnished by Ayrrer's *Sidea*, but by the sources which happened to have suggested to the poet the conception of the two prominent characters, Prospero and Caliban." Meissner then argues that Prospero was, in the first place, probably, an amplification of the poet's own former conception of Cerimon, the wise lord of Ephesus, in the play of *Pericles*; and that the particular touches for his quality of a magician, &c., were taken from the popular accounts of Dr. Dee, the Rosicrucian, Marlowe's *Faustus*, and other sources already noted by our antiquaries; that Caliban was intended as a contrast to Prospero, a display of savage ignorance and brutality as against culture and science, and that the special studies for him were derived from hints in travellers' tales, also sedulously tracked out by early English commentators (see references in *Malone*, &c.) The idea of making Prospero a magician, and, in general, the main features of the story as it is told in the *Tempest*, are obviously derived from the nearly contemporary play of the *Schöne Sidea* by Ayrrer of Nüremberg. But Meissner thinks that Shakspeare modified his love-passages after the pattern of his own *Pericles*, again, when that shipwrecked prince courts Thaisa (*Pericles*, Act ii. scene 3) with consent, not with disapprobation, of her father. Again, he departed entirely from the model of the *Sidea* in imagining, not an inland desert, but a remote island for the scene of his action. That island suggestion, says Meissner, came

from Ariosto, and with it the suggestion of a storm as the vehicle of his action. For the description of a storm he found prototypes both in Ariosto and in the new Bermuda narratives of 1609, &c. His own *Pericles* also furnished him with some touches. Then the idea of an undiscovered island led him to the thought of the old Utopias, and of Montaigne's eulogistic fancies about the cannibal inhabitants of antarctic France. Hence his satirical extract of a passage from that writer, put in the mouth of an unreclaimable savage whom he named *Caliban* by an obvious metathesis. For the story of Prospero's expulsion from his dominions and quarrel with his brother, and for the marriage of Claribel and the King of Tunis, previous to the opening of the play, Meissner refers us to the old authorities raked up by our earlier commentators, to Greene's play of *King Alphonsus*, Turberville's *Tragical Tales*, and sundry episodes of old Italian history; for the comic scenes (besides the *Schöne Sidea*), to Frampton's translation of *Marco Polo*, Marlowe's *Faustus*, and other works of the time, also known to and cited by Malone and his predecessors. Of the masque in Act iv., we need not speak again.

Meissner's inferences, if sometimes we are constrained to think them too far-fetched, are moderate and sober as compared with the vagaries in which some continental critics of the *Tempest* have indulged. Thus, Tieck, starting from the hymeneal masque in Act. iv., as affording the key to the whole play, and imagining it to have been composed expressly for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine, detects in it throughout a reference to that event. Prospero, he said, was intended for King James I., noted as an aspirant to the fame of learning, and of demonological science in particular; Miranda was the Princess-bride; Ferdinand, the palgrave from beyond seas, who had come to wed her.

Moritz Rapp treated the play as a piece of psychological symbolism. Prospero is Shakspeare himself; Miranda his daughter Susanna; Ariel is the poet's good genius, his own ideal instincts and gifts; Caliban is the coarse material self, which struggles against his higher nature, and is conquered. Stephano and Trinculo (malicious if true) are meant for Ben Jonson and Drayton, the poet's boon companions.

Emile Montégut, a French commentator, carrying this notion into a somewhat different channel, supposes Shakspeare to have shadowed the circumstances, not of his moral, but of his artistic life, in the ca-

reer of Prospero. Sycorax stands for the witch Barbarism, which had once possession of the drama. Caliban, her son, was the poet Marlowe. The different foes of Prospero are other dramatic authors and critics originally opposed to Shakspeare, but eventually subdued by his genius. Ariel is the good spirit of the English stage, bound with fetters till the master released it; his staff and magic books, the sole implements of Prospero's power, are the old tales and chronicles from which Shakspeare himself drew his conceptions.

Lastly, K. I. Clement, a German, improves upon Tieck's hypothesis, and suggests that Prospero being James I., Sycorax is meant for Queen Elizabeth, Alonzo for the King of Spain, and Caliban for the colony of Virginia!

Truly, no Isaac of York was ever put to a more inquisitorial torture than our Prince of Poets has been, for the revelation of the sources of his spirit-wealth and of the purposes of its application. The inquiry, where firm ground is attainable, cannot fail to be fascinating; and to the labours of all careful cool-headed critics we bid good speed. But Shakspeare's greatness is not to be tethered or shorn down by any critical detections; and we can fancy his glorious soul smiling at the assiduity with which the secret of his strength and the purport of his musings are sought for, conscious that, on the one hand, he possessed within himself the gift which alone could impart real value to borrowed material; which could turn dross into gold like the fabled alchemy of Dr. Dee; which could throw the spell of enchantment over dull and brutish natures, like his own magician-prince; conscious, also, on the other hand, that in the simple portraiture of the aims, passions, and imaginations of universal human nature lies a wisdom deeper than allegory, a poetry more moving than any subtleties of metaphysical analysis. And to the many generations of his commentators — to the sages of the black-letter crew, of the psychological school, and of the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakspeare Gesellschaft* — we can fancy him exclaiming the courteous remonstrance of Prospero: —

As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

From Saint Paula.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Let the mutton and onion sauce appear."
Nicholas Nickleby.

VALENTINE and I were still cosily talking when there was a ring at the bell, and Mr. Brandon was shown in. I had expected to feel very uncomfortable, nervous, and bashful on the occasion; but after the first moment I did not, for the simple reason that he showed all those feelings so strongly as absolutely to put me at my ease.

I was surprised certainly; but the relief was so great that I could not pity his discomfort, and I was glad to be certain, as I now was that he was aware of the absurdity (to use no harsher word) of his last conversation with me.

He too seemed curious about the wood-engraving; and when Valentine had pushed him into a chair, and placed a block of wood before him, he recovered himself so far as to ask some questions about it; not of me, however, but of his brother.

"What's this stuff for? It looks like whitening."

"Why, you put your finger into it, and smooth it carefully over the surface of the block to make it white."

"Well, I have stuck my finger in."

"Smooth away then, old fellow."

"There — what next? But, Miss Graham, you see this: I suppose you don't disapprove."

"No — I'll answer for her — you don't, D. dear. Now, Giles, draw something on the surface, and I'll show you how to cut it out."

"You will, will you? I should hope I have sense enough to do that myself. Here's a little digger that looks just suitable."

He began to draw, and Valentine and I seated on the sofa close at hand, went on talking at our ease till he suddenly announced that he had made a drawing.

"Well, dig it out then," said Valentine, "since you will have it that you know how. I say, D. my dear, what's this thing? It looks like an empty oil-flask corked and turned upside down, and I declare it's full of water."

"It's only to throw a light upon my engraving when I work by lamp-light. Look, here is a wide-necked bottle full of sand. I insert the narrow neck into the wide neck to make it steady, and set a candle behind: the result is that a beauti-

fully clear and soft spot of light falls through upon the bit of the wood I am engraving."

"I wish you'd throw a light, then, on this fellow's work. Look what he's doing!—he's cutting away all the strokes and leaving the ground."

"Just what you were going to do yourself!"

"D., I shall learn to engrave—will you teach me!"

"I am not far enough advanced for a teacher."

"Well, but sit down and let us see you do a little piece."

"By-the-by," said Mr. Brandon, "have you, Valentine, made any way as concerns the antipodes?"

"No," said Valentine, "I haven't settled the preliminary point yet. I was just going to introduce it when you came in." And thereupon he hung over my chair, and began to watch the progress of the graving tool, till, hearing a curious little noise behind me, I turned and found that he had taken Mrs. Bolton's slate, whereon she usually wrote her engagements, had written a few words on it, and was holding it up for his brother's inspection.

As I turned I, of course, saw what Valentine had written; it was, "I could do it if you'd only go for another half-hour."

Mr. Brandon presently rose with an indulgent smile, which, when he met my eyes, became a laugh, in which Valentine joined, and I also, though I hardly knew why: he marched out of the room, and Valentine after him. I heard some slight discussion. I also heard the words "block-head," "goose," and "silly fellow" used, but in a particularly good-humoured tone, and immediately after the street-door was opened, shut again, and Mr. Brandon walked past the window. Wondering what this meant, I presently opened the door, and there I found Valentine laughing in the passage.

"Why don't you come in?" I said. "And what have you done with your brother?"

"He's only gone out for an airing," replied Valentine.

"Do you want to go too?" I asked.

"No, I came to talk to you."

"What, whilst I stand with the door-handle in my hand, and you lean against the wall, with your head among the great-coats. Ridiculous!"

Finding that he still stood and laughed, I shut the door; and he instantly opened it again, and looked into the room, exclaiming—

"Dorothea, did you know that Giles was going to New Zealand again next week?"

"No."

"Well, he is, and he thought I'd better tell you."

"Tell me!—why?"

"You need not look so astonished, so almost frightened. Why, because—oh, I don't know exactly. Do you think New Zealand is a nice place?"

"Yes, I have every reason to think so."

"You see, D., I have nothing; but Giles said that when he was in New Zealand he could buy me some land, if I in the meantime would learn farming. I have been turning my attention to it."

"What, is your brother going to take you with him?"

"Oh, no; of course not. We should neither of us think of leaving this country permanently while my father is with us."

"Well, Valentine?"

"Well, Dorothea, supposing that you liked a fellow, and his destination was New Zealand—would it make you like him less?"

"No."

"Ah! but would it prevent your marrying him?"

"If I could make up my mind to marry 'a fellow,' I should marry him wherever he was going."

All this had passed as he stood holding the door-handle, his tall person being half in the room and half out.

He now shut the door and came in and sat by me on the sofa, as if he had no more to say. But it appeared that he had, for the corners of his mouth relaxed into a smile, and he exclaimed—

"What do you think that humbug Prentice has done?"

"Been plucked at Cambridge?"

"Oh, no; that's to come."

"Broken off his engagement to Charlotte?"

"Why, not exactly; but they've returned each other's letters, because he says he finds that what he felt for her was merely friendship."

"Oh! indeed, like what you feel for me. But I'm sorry for poor Charlotte?"

"Don't be disagreeable; 'comparisons are odious' (Sheridan). You need not be sorry for Charlotte, for she confided to me the other day that if she hadn't been afraid of being laughed at she would have broken it off long ago. It was such a bore to be always writing to him. She never could think what to say."

"Perhaps you can sympathize with her there."

"Not at all; on the contrary, I wish I hadn't made so much of you at first, for now, however often I write, you are not grateful. 'It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion' (Lord Bacon). Look it out when I'm gone."

"Have you really and sincerely considered whether you can take to farming land, and whether you can live in New Zealand?"

"No, D., I haven't; but Giles has, and Giles has talked to me so that it would do you good to hear him."

"You take things too easily. I wonder how you can live on in this half-hearted way."

"Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea' (the immortal Bill)."

"No; but, Valentine, if Giles buys land for you, your destiny will be fixed, and you may find that you are not in your element, though the fishes unquestionably are."

"I tell you, child, that they say nothing could do me so much good as the pure air of that new country, and the being always out of doors in it. And if I stop here, I have nothing. I'm not to study; and I have no capital to buy a partnership, so Giles takes me in hand. He provides capital for the future, and you interest for the present."

"I thought that the study of farming was what you were to interest yourself in for the present."

Valentine smiled. "Dorothea," he presently said, "if you won't go out with me to New Zealand, I'll ask Fanny Wilson. But I forgot to ask whether the cookery scheme answers?"

"I have not tried it, nor do I think I shall."

"Not tried it? I believe it was partly the account you gave of your intentions as to cooking, that made Giles think you would make such a glorious wife for a colonist."

"I am sure he is very obliging! But, Valentine, truly and seriously, I do not wish you to joke any more on such a serious subject."

"I will not, D.; all I wish is that you should allow things to take their course, and not settle beforehand in your own mind that you will never marry me."

He spoke so seriously now that I had no answer ready.

In about two years, as he went on to say, he should be in a position to marry; should have a home to offer, and a brother to back him. I could not, therefore, pass the sub-

ject off any longer, or treat his advances, young as he was, either as an impertinence or a joke; and though I absolutely refused to allow him to cherish any hopes, I at last said that I "*would not* settle in my mind beforehand not to like him," but I would let things take their course. At the same time, I told him carefully that I did not think I could ever love him well enough to become his wife.

"Well, but, D. my dear," he said, "supposing that I married somebody else, and Giles and I went to New Zealand, don't you think you'd feel rather desolate?"

I confess that this view of the subject struck me forcibly, and for a few minutes I had nothing to reply. I had *no friends*, and only one lover. If he withdrew, what a desolate lot would be mine!

"Well, D. my dear?" he presently said, as if asking for an answer, but no answer was ready. It appeared that Mr. Brandon, so elaborately careful that I should not mistake his own intentions, had no wish to prejudice his brother against me; but I felt that he must be quite as simple a saint as Dick à-Court, if he could think I was in love with him in June, and ready to marry his boy-brother in December, and I was offended at his wishing it.

"Don't you mean to say anything, Dorothea?" continued Valentine, laying his hand on mine with more manliness of feeling than he had yet shown.

"Yes; I wish to say that you are very young at present to make your choice for life, and I wish you to be absolutely free. I must be free also."

"How long must I be free?"

"At the very least, for a year."

"And then you will accept or decline me?"

"Yes."

"It's extraordinary that I cannot make you believe I care for you."

"That is by no means all I have to consider. I have to make up my mind whether I care enough for you."

He laughed with a sort of exultant joyousness. "I shall not trouble my head about that," he exclaimed. "I am quite content on that head."

"What do you mean, child?" I made answer; and then we had a short contention as to the appropriateness of the epithet, and then as to his having any cause for the contentment he had expressed, and at last he said he had not meant to be rude. "But only look," he went on, "at the letters you write me; sister says they're beautiful."

"Oh, sister sees them, does she?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Any one else?"

"Well, I let that old hag, Dorinda, see one or two. I thought I had better keep in her good graces, as you are so fond of her."

"You are the most extraordinary boy I ever heard of."

"So St. George says. But don't call me a boy; it really isn't fair."

"Well, *man*, then; but now I wish to say, quite seriously, that I never will write to you again as long as I live if you show my letters to any one whatever."

"I won't, then. I call that a gratifying prohibition."

Before we had time to pursue this conversation any further, Mr. Brandon came in again, looking rather cold after his airing. It was getting dusk; he sat down, and with great composure and gravity began to discourse with me on in different topics, just as if he had not been sent out, and as if he did not perfectly well know what we had been talking about.

I answered him with composure; indeed, Valentine's remarkable openness, and my want of any feeling but a sisterly intimacy towards him, made me, in spite of the matter we had discussed, quite devoid of conscious blushes or uncomfortable shyness. But I was aware of an earthquake-like heaving in the spring of the sofa on which we were seated, and which tried my gravity sorely. Valentine's sense of the ridiculous was very keen, and the next remark being addressed to him, he struggled for an instant to answer, and then threw himself back in the corner of the sofa with such shouts and peals of laughter, that the little titter which I tried in vain to repress was no doubt perfectly inaudible.

St. George's delicate endeavours to spare our blushes were quite irresistible to Valentine; it was such an unnecessary piece of refinement on his part, and the result of such a complete misunderstanding of us, that I could have laughed again, if I had not seen a sensitive flush mount up to his forehead: he was absolutely ashamed for Valentine, and he cast a deprecatory glance at me which seemed to bespeak my forbearance for him.

That look recalled me to myself. I could not let St. George think I wanted any pity from him, or would accept from him a mute apology for the open-hearted fellow who was indulging in this outrageous mirth.

So I did not answer the look at all, but sat demurely by till Valentine had exhausted himself, and sat up again, first looking at his brother and then at me.

It is not agreeable to be laughed at; and St. George, when he became aware that Valentine's mirth was at his expense, started up, pulled down his dark eyebrows with unmistakable signs of anger, and again darted a look at me which I was determined to misunderstand. So I allowed myself to smile, and said to Valentine, "How can you be so rude as to laugh at your brother?"

"I couldn't help it," said Valentine; "and he doesn't care."

Mr. Brandon's countenance, when he found that we were both laughing at him, was worth the study; he really looked unutterable things; but both he and Valentine, had admirable tempers, and when the latter said something apologetic, he passed the matter off with a joke, and on reflection laughed himself.

"O Dorothea," said Valentine, quite regardless of his presence, "how nice you look! I did not think you were so pretty. How your eyes shine in the firelight—don't they, Giles?"

"Yes," said the accommodating Giles, without even turning to look at me; but I could see that in his turn he was secretly amused and surprised at our behaviour, and as he sat before the fire in a musing attitude his lips trembled with a little half-smile.

"Now don't be shy, D.," continued Valentine. "I wish you would not shrink yourself in the corner like a discovered fairy fluttering down into a convolvulus bell. Giles, I say, will you look here?"

"Well," said Giles.

"What do you see?"

"I only see Miss Graham."

"And is that all you have to say about it?"

"I have seen her several times before," answered Giles. "I do not remark any very striking change."

Being now goaded to desperation, I exclaimed that if they went on talking of me I should certainly go.

"What does it matter, D. dear?" answered Valentine; "you are so far withdrawn into the shadow that we cannot see your face—only the flickering of the firelight on your hair. What a *stunning* hair-dresser Anne Molton is!"

"And what powers of observation you have!" said St. George.

"What do you mean, Giles?"

"Merely that there is no change whatever in the dressing of the hair," he persisted.

"I am sure there is; now is there not, Dorothea?"

"I told you I must go, if you would talk in this way."

"Well, I'll leave off if you'll only answer this one question, and not turn away your face so shyly; it's no use, for now I can see the back of your head, and the hair is coiled up exquisitely! What should Giles know about it? He can't bear girls."

"Come," said Mr. Brandon, starting up, "it is time we were off; and the cabman's horse has been waiting till his cough will turn to a consumption."

"I shall not go till she answers."

"I declare you are intolerable. Come, I will not see Miss Graham tormented: come away."

"Well, that is good. Let me alone, Giles. You, indeed, setting up for the champion of the ladies!—you! Am I tormenting you, Dorothea?"

"Not particularly."

"Miss Graham is in a dilemma. She will not answer you because that would be to proclaim *me* in the right; whereas she would rather that *you* were. There now, you know all, and she cannot deny it."

I did not attempt to deny it. He had fathomed my thoughts, and uttered my reason aloud; but my heart was sore against him, for he had deliberately pulled himself down and degraded himself from the pedestal of honour which I had fancied that he ought to occupy. No, it was not right to accept his championship: so I hid my discomfort at Valentine's pertinacity as well as I could, and when he said, "Now, D. dear, pray say something," I replied, that as they were bent on going, I would say "Good night."

"Good night, then," said Mr. Brandon, with careless good humour; "and good-bye, for next week I sail for New Zealand, and I may not have time to call on you again."

I felt a chill come over me, and held out my hand. He just received my fingers for an instant in his, and withdrew them. I shook hands with Valentine, and they went away. I heard their voices in the passage, and I heard Mr. Brandon speak to the cabman, as I still stood in the place where they had left me.

As long as I had been busy, and he absent, I had been able to keep that scene in the wood at bay; now it had drawn near again, and I was ashamed for myself and for him. His grave, steady face and the sudden sweetness and feeling of his smile kept me puzzling as to how it could be reconciled with a certain want of feeling

which he had betrayed that evening. He had had the air of a good-humoured man, who was rather in an absent mood and felt somewhat bored by the absurdities of his two companions; this was after he had got over his first nervousness.

Buoyant he was by nature and cheerful on principle, but that night he had shown a kind of indulgent partiality towards Valentine that he did not extend to me, whom he scarcely spoke to; and this had lasted till, having a good deal of business on his hands, he had not patience to let us detain him any longer.

I perceived that it would be very convenient to that family if I would marry Valentine, and get him to betake himself early to a fine climate and a healthy lot. I think that circumstances decided me to take my time! I did not want St. George to have the disposing of me, and to settle everything precisely as he chose.

Though I had a right to the dining-room in the evening, I generally went upstairs and drank tea with Mrs. Bolton, when she chanced to be alone. That evening she and her children were out; so when Anne brought in my tea I asked her to remain with me. She was too well bred to betray any curiosity; but when I remarked that the gentlemen were looking well, she said she had seen Mr. Brandon in the district. "I happened to light on him," she said, "and he sent for a brick-layer, and showed him what was the matter with the copper. Then he talked to the family in No. 4—that set I told you I had hopes of: he told them about Canada; said he would help them to go there if they liked. He's a real gentleman. All the people that saw him were delighted with him."

People who are destined to get the command over others often surprise one by having the last style of manner that one could expect. They are not in the least alike either, as I have had opportunity of judging.

I understood from Anne that the family in question had politely assured him that they would do as he pleased. His behaviour to the women was always characterized by a peculiar air of courteous deference, a sort of homage to their sex, which was evidently natural to him, but which placed them very much at his mercy, because it made them so bashful; but the men he often treated with a lordly air of superiority, much as a master does his school-boys, and it almost always seemed to answer. It was only at Wigfield that he had ever been hissed or made game of, but then

that was the neighbourhood in which he had played all the pranks of his boyhood, where, in fact, as his old tenant expressed it, "he had chivied the pigs."

He went into the district the next morning, and, with Anne to help him found out several little reforms that were wanted, and set them on foot; then he pounced upon two half-starved young needlewomen, and set them to work upon making outfits for themselves, in case, as he informed them, they should wish to go to Canada, which in the end they did wish to do.

In the meantime, Valentine came to me in a very sulky humour, and asked me to give him a lesson in wood-engraving. I inquired what was the matter? and he told me that "Sister" had written to St. George, and said he was not to allow him (Valentine) to be always philandering after me, unless Anne Molton went with us; it was not proper, and she wouldn't allow it. "And he's actually coming here to-day, and, in fact, rather often," continued Valentine, "because sister says he must! It will be a horrid bore for him, and we shan't have half the fun we might have had."

It was a very foggy morning, and I could with difficulty see to go on with my engraving. I felt deeply obliged to "Sister" for having indicated her wishes, and so let me understand what was customary, for I knew very little; but I did not let Valentine see this, and I could not help feeling exceedingly amused when I saw Mr. Brandon coming up the steps looking quite out of countenance, and evidently feeling his ridiculous position, and also that he was anything but welcome.

As long as he was nervous I was quite at my ease, but the fog got so yellow and so thick that I was obliged to leave off my work; and while I was putting the tools away and telling them how rich I should be when I began to earn the two pounds a week that had been promised me, I observed Valentine's spirits fall; he almost groaned. "You can't think," he said, "how miserable it makes me to think that I was the person who induced you to take Anne Molton, and now you spend your life in earning money for her to lay out."

"Yes," I answered, "I am her servant. But how do you know that I shall be appointed her attendant, her minister, or whatever you like to call it, in the next world? I seem to suit her so well that I often think this will be the case; and if so, it is just as well that I should learn to understand her—that I should prepare."

"You are setting yourself against everything really high in a woman's lot," exclaimed Valentine, as angrily as if he had had a full right to lecture me, and as gravely as if he had been a man of forty. "You are getting so religious that there will soon be no living with you: you are worse than Dorinda."

Gently, gently," said St. George, but hardly in a tone of remonstrance, rather as if he took Valentine's part.

Valentine heaved up a great sobbing sigh. "Hang it all!" he said under his breath; then he walked to the window, and St. George settled his face into an expression of almost supernatural gravity, as was the way with both that mother's sons when they felt inclined to laugh.

"You're always trying to elevate me," he continued, in a deeply injured tone, and the fog, by one of those sudden changes never seen but in London, grew suddenly transparent, and the great copper-coloured ball, the sun, glinted on his handsome young face. "I don't mind letting you do it, for a consideration," he went on; "but I'm not going to be elevated for nothing."

"You talk of yourself," I replied, "as if you were a mere bubble, and I could blow you up as out of a pipe; why, even if I could, you would soon come down again."

"You write to Dorinda about wishing to lead the higher life," he went on sulkily; "she told St. George that you did."

"But you don't think that I am leading that higher life now, do you, or even a specially religious life?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"I am not, then—not at all; though it is true that I came to London hoping to do so. I am not living in the same world that Anne does, but I am conscious that there is such a world."

"You spend all the time and money you can on the poor," he replied.

"But I could do that with pleasure if there was no God. I like to earn money. I leave the trouble, the fatigue, all the expenditure of feeling, and the weariness of failure to Anne. I cannot raise common work into a religious act; on the contrary, I bring down what might be high work to my own level."

"I don't know what you mean, D," he answered with irritation.

If his brother had not been present, I should have reminded him that he had no right whatever to make me give an account of myself; but not liking to snub him before his elder, I answered with docility—

"I mean that I cannot make my wood-

engraving religious work : it pleases me in itself. I mean also that I absolutely must have some active employment. I am so devoid of friends, so without society, so away from what I love — that I should pine away if I had nothing to do. I mean, further, that if I could get back to the 'Curlew' to-morrow I should be deeply delighted — I should think it quite right to do so."

"Oh," he answered, brightening suddenly, as the day did, his smile and the sunshine beaming out together ; " to the 'Curlew,' or to any other place, or any other lot, that you thought happier than this."

I felt very much disinclined to answer, the lot he meant being so evident ; but as he stood before me waiting, I at last brought myself to say, "Yes."

Thereupon he moved nearer to the window and stood gazing out, while the remains of the fog moved bodily westward, before a mild east wind ; then, to my surprise, taking out a letter, he said to his brother, "Don't you think I might get the Indian stamp and post this now, the weather looks quite clear?" St. George thought he might, and Valentine, giving him a significant look, went out, presently shut the street-door behind him, and I found to my discomfort that I was going to be left alone with his brother.

But it was light now, so I began to arrange my wood-engraving on the table, which being set in the window, with a low opaque blind in front of it, would enable me to sit with my back to him, and also have the relief of something to do.

It was evident that he was to communicate something to me, but he was in no hurry ; he sat absolutely silent for several minutes, then he said, "Valentine feels hurt because he cannot convince you of his devoted attachment."

Devoted attachment ! what ridiculous words to apply to the Oubit's feelings !

"Oh, does he?" I answered ; "I am sorry he should be vexed ; but perhaps, if I am not convinced —"

"Well, Miss Graham?"

"And perhaps if I cannot feel at present that I ever shall be convinced, it would be very unkind in me to let him make any mistake on that head."

He seemed so nervous again that I became quite at ease ; and when he said, in a bungling, awkward way, that he should be very glad to do anything he could in the matter, I was so surprised, considering Valentine's youth and uncertain prospects, that I could not help answering, "But does it not strike you as very odd that, if he

cannot manage his own affairs himself, he should think any one else can manage them for him?"

A long silence followed, but he had seemed to treat the matter so seriously that I was less able than usual to consider it a joke, and at last I said, "And even if at the end of a year or two he did still wish to engage himself to me, which is very doubtful, I have never received the least intimation from his father or Mrs. Henfrey that such a thing would be agreeable to them."

I certainly expected some sort of answer then ; even if the old man had never formally said that he approved, I supposed Mr. Brandon would say that no doubt when consulted he would give a willing assent. But no, he said nothing of the sort ; he said nothing at all ; so I thought I could try to investigate this matter through Valentine — because, if they did not approve, I could retract what I had said about waiting a year, and give him a formal dismissal at once.

When St. George did speak it was to say something flattering as to Valentine's improvement under my influence. "But," he added, with a certain deference and hesitation of manner, "I do not see what object you could have had in talking to him as you did this morning."

"I wish to disavow all unreal things. I do not set myself above Valentine, and I meant him to know it."

"But I consider that aspiration alone takes you quite out of his world : the highest thing he aspires to, is to you."

"I have aspiration, certainly, but I do not know that it is of the right sort. Did you ever hear Tom talk on this very subject, — this which Valentine called 'the higher life'?"

"Yes, I have. Graham has many strange feelings."

"He believes that there is a God," I answered : "he believes that certain men have been, certain still are, privileged to have dealings with Him — to be conscious of intimations from His Great Spirit. He feels an intellectual curiosity about this."

"Yes, he talked with me, and said he knew this matter was rarely believed or considered by those who have no conscious experience of it ; he did believe it, and he wondered at the indifference and incredulity of outsiders : he does not confound it with the prickings of conscience, or with that occasional drawing of men's minds in particular directions, which may be called 'the Spirit of God moving' in the thoughts of the nations."

"No; and it is agreed that people cannot reach up to have communication with that divine life only through their minds. They cannot understand those astonishing and difficult things alluded to in some of the Epistles, for instance, only by learning, and from without; but don't you think it natural that those who are not irreligious, only unreligious, should want to search into this matter, and understand as much of it as they can?"

"It is natural for a man so remarkable as your brother; but you cannot be describing yourself, for you have no reservations. You would be willing to be taken into that great life, whatever it might cost you. You are attentive and obedient to what you know of it."

"Yes; but I often feel as Tom does, and no doubt because he put it into my head, that quite apart from devoutness of heart, or reverence, or religion of any sort, there is enough in that subject to give me a keen interest in those who belong to this Kingdom. I like to wait upon Anne on that account."

"Do you think, then, that when David said, 'My soul is athirst for God,' it was not necessarily a religious longing that he felt?"

"No; but yet it seems to me that such a thing is possible."

"Possible that life may be drawn towards its source. Yes; but not that the perception of such drawing should be without a sense that the life which draws is also Light, and that it is pure. Then, if man will let himself be drawn, if he desires to be drawn to this light and this pureness, that is religion."

I saw Valentine coming back again. He had a card in his hand, and while he waited till his knock was answered, he drew my attention to it, then laid his hand on his lips. When he entered, he, however, did not say anything concerning his devoted attachment, but, leaning over my work, put the card before me. On it was written, "Invite us both to tea to-morrow." So, after a few minutes, I did as requested, and told them I drank tea at half-past five.

Valentine arrived the next day at five. I think by that time he had nearly forgotten his annoyance at our not being engaged. He was in high spirits, and said audaciously, "I shall be very hungry, D. dear. Do you mind accepting this little offering?" and he laid on the table a paper parcel containing three red herrings and a lot of turnip radishes of the very largest size ever seen; I believe they real-

ly were young turnips. I was a good deal surprised when he added that he was always so hungry, and he knew I should have provided nothing but thin bread-and-butter. I knew that he and St. George would dine together at their hotel about eight o'clock, but when Valentine begged me not to tell his brother, "because Giles would think it so odd," I consented, and he seemed to me to be more of a boy and less of a lover than ever.

He then withdrew, and had a long consultation with Anne in the passage, during which I heard his chuckling laugh repeatedly.

"Why did you get those horrid radishes?" I asked, when he returned, for I felt sure there was some mischief brewing.

"Only for a relish," he replied. "They were grown in Cornwall, and are not common at this time of the year; but there's no need to tell Giles that. Giles is so shocked at the state of things here—the queer things in this room, the shabby furniture—Here he comes! 'Oh, what a delicious go!' (Dickens.) Yes, here he is."

"Shocked, is he?" I said, as he rang the bell.

"Of course. What else can you expect from a fellow that employs such a tailor; a fellow that buttons his gloves?"

"I wish you were not so untidy; I wish you would button yours," I said, and I looked round. Two vases, clumsy and made of Derbyshire spar, stood on the chimney-piece, with tall bunches of dried grass in them; in the middle was a little house made of shells, such a house as one buys at seaside places for half a crown; it had small glass windows. The table was covered with a dark, glossy material, like oilcloth, but not so stiff. The carpet had hardly any pattern left, and one could see the tow it was woven on; the cane-bottomed chairs, though clean, were exceedingly ancient and shabby.

Enter Mr. Brandon, and the repast at his heels. First a tea-tray, with some common crockery on it; more of it seemed to be cracked than was usually the case. The large Britannia-metal teapot that I generally had to use was there in full force, with its black handle. It had a rather battered effect, and a deep dint on one side of it was on this occasion turned towards the company.

But when the stout Staffordshire servant entered again with a smoking hot dish of red herrings and big turnip radishes, which she set down on the table with a bang, and flanked with a very extensive set of castors, St. George glanced

first at her and then at the viands, and seemed for the moment overcome with surprise. Indeed he found it impossible to hide his discomfiture, almost his dismay. Valentine was exceedingly happy; his countenance beamed with joy, as he stuck a steel fork into the biggest of the herrings, and mildly put it on his brother's plate.

"D. dear," he continued, constituting himself master of the ceremonies, "will you take any — any fish? No? Well, if you are not hungry, it was the more considerate of you to make these kind yet simple preparations." He then sat down beaming, and began to dispatch his herring, while St. George, after a momentary hesitation, went at his like a man, being for once quite taken in by the Oubit, and possibly thinking that his "devoted attachment" made him regard the repast as delicious.

I then lifted the big teapot, and helped them both to tea, when Valentine, having dispatched his herring, helped himself largely to radishes, and began to crunch them audibly.

"I always knew," he said quietly, "that the faithful were very fond of fish, particularly salt fish; but, Dorothea, I hope you do not deny yourself fresh meat altogether?"

"Of course not," I exclaimed.

St. George looked aghast.

"Dorinda does not," continued Valentine. "Now, then," he added, with a look of admonition at his brother, "you'll take some radishes, of course." But here St. George struck work, trying hard, however, to appear as if he took the whole thing as a matter of course. On this the "graceless youth," going a little too far, remarked, with a pious air, that this simple style of living was far more consistent with my opinions than the usual dinners at Wigfield; "and I only wish," he audaciously went on, "that every poor person in this great metropolis had enjoyed this day an equally abundant and wholesome meal." Whereupon St. George, rousing up suddenly to the consciousness of some mischief or other, and not sure, perhaps, whether one or both of us were making game of him, began to inquire concerning the Novel, and punished us by giving us such a succession of ludicrous scenes for it, that we both laughed till we were quite faint.

The next morning Miss Tott appeared, and sweetly and tenderly proposed to take me to the Crystal Palace. Valentine soon came in, and did not deny that Giles had arranged the matter. "He could not take

us himself," said Valentine, chuckling; "he says it is too much to expect of him; it would make him feel such a muff; besides, he hasn't time."

Miss Tott bore us off: how happy she was, how sweetly she sympathized with our supposed feelings! Kind creature! I was terribly ashamed of Valentine that day, for, after we had been some time in the Palace, looking about us below, we went up into a gallery, where there were various stalls heaped with articles for sale. Some were set forth as bankrupt stock, some as having been saved from a fire, and all had sensational labels on them: "Observe the price" — "Dreadful sacrifice" — "Must be cleared out this day" — "Given away for four and 9 1-2" &c., &c.

I saw Valentine buying something of the smart young saleswomen; but it was a "people's day," and there was a crowd, so Miss Tott and I moved on; but, after a time, I thought that somehow we seemed always to be taking a knot of people after us, and it was not till we had got downstairs again, and were among the tropical plants, that I saw, to my dismay, as Miss Tott left Valentine's arm, and sailed mildly on in front, a good-sized placard, which was pinned on her back, and bore this inscription: "No reasonable offer refused." I darted forward; it was some minutes before I could get the placard off without attracting her attention, but I managed to do this at last, and to hide it.

Valentine was perfectly grave, and I tried to get away, but the people about us still insisted on being amused. I observed that some, when they passed, turned round to laugh, and others moved on behind us and noticed our behaviour.

In the meantime I did not dare to snub Valentine, because Miss Tott was so close to us; I could not even have the pleasure of telling him that this was a stale joke, and I had heard of its being perpetrated before. However, he very soon received a snubbing that none of us at all expected, and Miss Tott never understood more of it than she saw before her eyes.

A respectable elderly man, in a coachman's livery, came up, and accosted him with great civility:

"Excuse me, sir, but young ladies did ought to be made conspicuous in public places."

The Oubit had nothing to say for himself.

"I've been following you some time," continued this specimen of nature's gentlemen, "to let you know, sir, that when the girl you bought that placard of saw

what you were doing with it, she snatched up another and pinned it on your own coat-tails; and there it is now, sir. Good morning.

There it was sure enough, and we unpinned it, amid the laughter of the bystanders, some people, looking down from the gallery, greeting Valentine at the same time with an ironical cheer—

"This handsome article, very little damaged, going for three and sixpence. Worth double the money."

After this I declined to take any more excursions with Valentine; but he came daily to see me, and was very full of fun, evidently feeling also that ease about his future prospects that one often sees in the younger and favourite members of a large family.

To Giles his welfare was evidently an object of the deepest solicitude. Why these two brothers concentrated so much of their affection on each other, nearly to the exclusion of some who were equally related to them, I did not understand; but I had long seen it plainly. Liz and Lou were nothing to Giles, and sister was nothing to Valentine, in comparison with the feeling of each for his brother.

They had set their hearts, as I found from Valentine, on always living near each other. Giles had consented to expatriate himself for Valentine's sake; he had enough to live on anywhere, but Valentine was without patrimony, and, as he easily made me perceive, there could be no opening so favourable for him as to have land to cultivate, and sheep to feed, with his brother at hand to advise and help him.

I did not believe that I could ever accept Valentine, and I told him so almost every day; but he was quite imperturbable, made the best of it, and generally replied, with great composure, that time would show. At the same time he did not fail to point out to me how *tiresome* it would be and how completely it would put out both him and Giles, if I failed them at the last minute.

"How can that be?" I once asked.

Why, Giles meant to take him out, and settle him first, with his wife, and then come home and get a wife for himself.

"Dear me! you seem to have made a great many arrangements."

"Yes; and you see how little fun there would be in marrying a girl whom I did not thoroughly know, and who would be ill, perhaps, at sea through half the voyage, and be frightened. I should be so dull, too, when I was left there with her, and Giles was gone. We should have no recollections in common. Besides, I love

you, I tell you! Don't I say so every day?"

"Yes. Well, I hardly know which of you is the oddest of the two! And so your brother wants me to agree to all this?"

"Yes, he told me to lay it well before you, that we might be sure you understood about my having nothing here; and he said I should be a lucky fellow if I secured you."

"And he expects that you will?"

"Well," said Valentine, "if you come to that, why shouldn't I?" Here, of course, we both laughed.

"You see, D.," he continued, "there are two reasons why it's almost sure to come right: I want you, and nobody else does."

This was quite true; but it did not diminish the oddness of the whole thing. St. George seemed instinctively to feel that the Oubit wanted elevating, wanted deeper feeling, wanted tenacity of purpose, and he thought he must get these from me, and from marriage and manly cares. From many things that Valentine said, I observed that Giles thought he was sure to put his neck under the yoke of matrimony as soon as he possibly could; he, therefore, wished him to do it wisely, attach himself to a prudent person, who would amuse him first, and guide him afterwards.

Of course, I did not like this idea: I could not help feeling a pang at the notion of his making a convenience of me. There was still a great deal about him that I found attractive; I could have been docile to almost any wish of his but this, that I should learn to love a man whom I was to govern. I could not bear him to treat me with courtesy or deference, because I considered that he could have no real feeling of what was due to womanhood. I liked Valentine's open raillery and boyish brusquerie far better, and though Valentine and I constantly sparred and argued when we were alone together, I treated him with consideration on those rare occasions when his brother was present, not only because he was more civil then, but because I felt it to be his due.

But I liked Giles so much that I could not bear to be obliged to disapprove of him. He had a smile that was worth watching for, it was so sunny and tender, such a strange contrast to the grave cast of his features, the steady manliness of his demeanour, and the somewhat "masterful" way in which he worked and ruled; but this same smile was quite consistent with utter ignoring of other people's feelings. I had come across his path, stood near to

him for a moment, and when he found it out, he had pushed me somewhat roughly away. Still he meant to be both just and kind; there was even something elaborate in the way in which he set forth the Oubit's good qualities, and he evidently spoke highly of me to him.

When some affections which we would almost give our lives to keep warm and fresh grow cold in spite of cherishing, what a perversity of nature it seems that others can thrive, and live, and even grow, when they have nothing to feed upon, and every reason to fade and die!

I had never loved Tom so much as during that strange summer and autumn. He never took any notice of me, but I knew very well that he often thought of me. As for St. George, I was almost sure that, besides taking Tom away from me, he had got a hold on him, and attracted his regard for himself. I felt that his influence on the whole must be exercised with the best intentions, and the power that I knew he had over this much-loved brother made him more important to me. And now there was the Oubit — very young certainly, but remarkably handsome, frank almost to a fault, absolutely, as he always told me, devoted to me, and desiring nothing so much as to spend his life with me. I liked him very much, but I could not become enthusiastic about him: my affection for him did not grow, and I was ashamed to feel sometimes that he almost bored me.

Well, but the visit came to an end suddenly, and I straightway missed his pleasant company. Mr. Mortimer had a stroke of illness; the brothers were summoned home. St. George gave up his contemplated voyage, and he and Valentine both hurried to the old man's side.

I often look back on the year which followed, just as I do to the years passed at school, without dwelling on particular days, but as one uneventful march of slow development. Anne Molton was a great comfort to me, and I was just the mistress to make her happy. She and I became fast friends, in the truest sense of the word. She could not earn money, and I did not know how to spend it. I never attained to the art of doing anything for the poor with my own hands. I could not influence the men; and the women in most cases did not like me to enter their rooms unless they had had notice of the visit, and everything was in decent order. In the February of that year my uncle wrote his second letter, and sent me ten pounds. The wonderful things that Anne Molton

did with that ten pounds surprise me even to this day.

Anne had an immense opinion of my cleverness in the wood-engraving line, and had confided to Mr. Brandon her belief that I should soon have large sums to spend in the district. He had accordingly suggested one or two things which he thought would be desirable to do, and as soon as this money came she told me of them.

One of these was to rent the lower room or cellar of each house in my district, and in which there were often two families, and turn it into a larder for the house. The people, having no description of closet nor any place to keep food in, were always in the habit of buying it for each meal, even to the morsel of sugar and tea. Of course they paid the dearer for this, and it also compelled them to shop on Sunday, for not a morsel of meat or drop of milk would keep through the night in their crowded rooms. Accordingly I rented the lower room of one house to see how it would answer. I paid two shillings and sixpence a week for it, and caused eight little closets to be made in it with wooden frames and canvas panels; they nearly filled the small place, and each had a lock and key. We then took out what glass there was in the window, and put a few light iron bars instead.

We calculated that at the lowest computation the families would save tenpence a week each by these safes. They cost twelve shillings apiece, and that money I sunk; but I let them out at one penny a week to the people in the house, so that my weekly outlay for rent was very small. But the plan answered so well, that the families in the next house petitioned me to do the same for them; and as they promised to take Anne's advice as to the spending of their money, I ventured to do it. She taught many of them to make their own bread once a week and keep it in their safe, and to lay in enough tea and sugar for the week when the week's money came. I heard of but a single case of pilfering, and the plan was such a comfort that I never ceased to delight in it.

We went on very gradually. I made the third set of cupboards in March, and was now burdened with rent; but then I began to earn money by engraving, and as I had still my five shillings a week earned by my little pupils, I did not mind that, and there never was any difficulty about letting the cupboards.

From The London Quarterly Review
NEW ENGLAND PURITAN LITERATURE:
MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.*

It was on the 20th of September, 1620, that the *Mayflower*, with a hundred and two souls on board, left Plymouth harbour, to carry into a land as yet but lightly touched by the hand of civilization, a stock of moral and mental energy such as not often in the world's history has been collected on board one frail bark and transported to lay in far countries the foundations of a new order of existence. How those resolute souls fared on and after their voyage, and for what cause of conscience they left the shores of Old England to return no more, are matters of history with which every child, whether in Old England or in New England, is more or less familiar. Suffice it to recall, that it is now over two hundred and fifty years since, after a two months' voyage, the *Mayflower* rode at anchor under that terrible "coast fringed with ice—dreary forests, interspersed with sandy tracts, filling the background," from which point the three memorable expeditions, in search of a final place of settlement, were sent out, to result at last in that landing on Clark's Island so big with import for the future centuries.

It was in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, on the 21st of November, 1620, that the earliest "original compact" of self-government recorded authentically in the history of mankind was framed and signed; and this act of solemn covenanting on the part of the Pilgrim fathers was not more characteristic of the spirit that was to animate the coming settlement than was that simple and touching act of the third exploring party who, having found the place at which the landing was to be made, and having spent Saturday, the 19th of December, in "exploring the island," gave up all considerations of further procedure in the most urgent circumstances, and *rested on the Sabbath Day*.

The intense fervour and uncompromising earnestness of that simple act of resting is not to be overrated. As an orator, himself descended from a Pilgrim Father, has said, "it was no mere physical rest. The day before had sufficed for that. But alone, upon a desert island, in the depth of a stormy winter; well-nigh without

food, wholly without shelter; after a week of such experiences, such exposure and hardship and suffering, that the bare recital at this hour almost freezes our blood; without an idea that the morrow should be other or better than the day before; with every conceivable motive, on their own account, and on account of those whom they had left in the ship, to lose not an instant of time, but to hasten and hurry forward to the completion of the work of exploration which they had undertaken—they still 'remembered the Sabbath Day to keep it holy;' " and asserted practically, in the most emphatic manner, the religious origin of that permanent settlement of America by a civilized race, which mere ordinary secular motives had failed to effect. What was waiting for these men to do while they were observing the Sabbath is recorded in the words of one of their number, who tells us that "on Monday we sounded the harbour, and found it a very good harbour for our shipping; we marched also into the land, and found divers cornfields and little running brooks, a place very good for situation; so we returned to our ship again with good news to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts."

To seek a greatly artistic literature as the offspring of such a temper as the temper of these men would be somewhat like looking for roses on an oak-tree; but that the needs of their being found a certain literary expression and left a record of permanent interest and value, many able and laborious men of the present day have been at pains to show. Carrying with them many gifts, both good and evil, as a spiritual heritage from the Old World,—carrying among other things the language of Shakespeare and Milton,—these earnest religionists passed into a sphere where it was not specifically their part to found a new literature, but where they had to provide, first of all, for their material wants, and, these being provided for, to devote themselves to the foundation of a new social and political order, and the fusion, in due time, of certain nationalities into one new nationality; and if the literature which they and their descendants yet found time to produce was for a long time chiefly of a theological and controversial kind, that fact was the natural outcome of the antecedent fact of the New World having been sought out by the Puritans from religious motives. Indeed, to them any rhetorical delicacy must in the nature of things have stood in the light of worldly adornment to be eschewed; and yet within thirty years of the sailing of

* 1. *Encyclopedia of American Literature, embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, &c.* By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEO. L. DUYCKINCK. Two Vols. New York.

2. *Memoir of Rev. Michael Wigglesworth. Author of the "Day of Doom."* By JOHN WARD DEAN. Second Edition. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsel. 1871.

the *Mayflower* we find a New England literature sprung up, and of very considerable dimensions, both of prose and of verse.

Of this mixed literature, the prose preponderates in importance, as showing most distinctly that notable historic fact, that these men had not learnt the lesson of tolerance which the history of the origin of their colony might well have taught them. Rancour and bitterness and bigotry abound in the curious records of the spiritual state of the times; and religious persecution was a tradition that they had not seen fit to leave to the Old World as an uncontested heritage. Roger Williams put the tolerance of the colony to the proof very soon after its foundation; for he emigrated to Massachusetts as early as 1631, and, settling at Salem, became the beloved and admired of a numerous flock. He sought, as others had sought, that spiritual liberty not to be got in the Old World; but he soon learnt the lesson that, if he wished to be free to worship God in his own way, he must adjust his views to those of his fellow colonists at large. Summoned before the General Court at Boston, to answer for certain of his views, he was formally tried, and ordered to leave the colony, and this with the approval of all the ministers of the Court but one. He went with some followers to Rhode Island, founded the colony of Providence, and set up in it the first example of complete tolerance which the Christian world had seen. It was to this tendency of his to tolerate all religious sects that he owed his expulsion from Massachusetts; and, of course, the principles that guided his new colony were a mark for prophecies of evil; and yet, as Gervinus says, in his *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*, "these institutions have not only maintained themselves here, but have spread over the whole Union. They have superseded the aristocratic commencements of Carolina and of New York, the High Church party in Virginia, the theocracy in Massachusetts, and the monarchy throughout America; they have given laws to one quarter of the globe, and, dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe." The same principle of tolerance that Williams set a-going in Providence, Lord Baltimore and the other Catholics, who founded Maryland, adopted there; but while the literature of the Williams Controversy is considerable, the free act of the Maryland Catholics gave rise to no literature.

Pitted against Williams, who has been described as "an apostle of civil and reli-

gious liberty," was the Rev. John Cotton, described in Mr. Carlyle's *Cromwell* as "a painful preacher, oracular of high gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the supreme powers of the universe;" and who, zealous and honest, was as much an apostle of bigotry as Williams was of the reverse. Williams embarked in 1643 for England (writing, by-the-bye, on his voyage, a curious volume concerning the Narragansett dialect, and called *A Key into the Language of America*); and while he was in England there appeared *A Letter of Mr. John Cotton's, Father of the Church in Boston, in New England, to Mr. Williams, a Preacher there*. In reply, Williams published a pamphlet called *Mr. Cotton's Letter lately Printed, Examined and Answered*, and a more important work under the title of *Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, in a Conference between Truth and Peace*. The fierceness of the contest that raged before the principles of toleration were fairly established, is fitly typified in the titles of the next two works in this series. On the side of persecution we have Cotton's *Bloody Tenent of Persecution made White in the Blood of the Lamb*; and on the side of tolerance Williams's rejoinder, *The Bloody Tenent, yet more Bloody by Mr. Cotton's Endeavour to Wash it White in the Blood of the Lamb*!

In the meantime, John Winthrop, founder of Boston, and first Governor of Massachusetts, who had come to Salem in 1630, had been diligently preserving a less warlike record, in his MS. Journal of the affairs of the Colony, which was eventually published as a *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*; and Nathaniel Ward, the author of *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, a book treating of toleration, had prepared his *Body of Liberties*—a code of laws adopted in 1641 as the earliest statutes of New England. While history and jurisprudence were thus represented, a place was also being found in this literature for philology, psalmody, and mission work. John Eliot, founder of Natick, translated, in the course of his missionary labours among the Aborigines, the whole of the Bible into the Indian language, and, with Richard Mather and Welde as collaborators, prepared the *Old Bay Psalm Book*, published in 1640—the earliest American book of the kind, and long a standard work in New England.

The earliest collection of original poetry published in New England was from the pen of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, daughter of Thomas Dudley; and, in the young days

of the colony, the productions of this lady were matter of no small pride to her fellow-colonists, — presumably by reason of the great dearth of productions in verse belonging to that time and place. It must have been no easy matter for the vanity of writing verse to have found a pardon among those stern and realistic Puritans; and for a long time verse was but little in use among them, except for the purpose of psalmody, and the quasi-religious purpose of elegy writing. Indeed, the fact that Mrs. Bradstreet was so early able to attain to a considerable popularity speaks volumes as to the innate love of poetry, or at all events rhythmic utterance, in the human species. Her earliest work was called *The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America*, — a somewhat ambitious and not very highly poetic title, — and was published in 1650. She affected subjects in zoology and natural science generally, so far as they came within her ken, and was wont to set them forth in a simple, unaffected manner, and with much circumstance of detail. Without soaring into high latitudes for which her powers were unfitted, she managed to display a fair amount of genuine poetic enthusiasm, and showed that she really loved the external universe for its own sake. The following little piece of description would not discredit a more ambitious muse than this "Tenth sprung up in America," in the middle of the seventeenth century: —

"The primrose pale and azure violet
Among the verdurous grass hath nature set,
And when the sun (on's love) the earth doth
shine,
These might, as love, set on her garments fine.
The fearful bird its little house now builds,
In trees and walls, in cities and in fields;
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat,
A natural artificer complete."

It is not to be supposed that her verses have any high poetic character; but they have certain honest, common-sense, healthy qualities, expressive of her real life, — that of a sensible, conscientious wife and mother, who did not let her every-day duties suffer from her cultivation of letters.

Still more popular, as a wielder of the lyric pen, was the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, the author of *The Day of Doom* and *Meat out of the Eater*. Indeed it is doubtful whether any volume produced by the New England colony up to the date of the appearance of *The Day of Doom* was as widely read as that was; and it is partly because the popularity of that curious book is eminently characteristic of the puritanic intolerance then still triumphant

in the new colony, partly because the man's life was as eminently characteristic in its earnestness, that we have selected him specially for the purposes of the present sketch. We might indeed have found a more notable subject in the life and writings of Cotton Mather, who is comparatively well known to English readers; but an additional reason for choosing the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth exists in the fact that, notwithstanding the extensive popularity of his books up to a century back, he is at present quite unknown to the reading public in England, — while his books are not familiar even by their exterior to more than a few of the most miscellaneous informed of bibliographical adepts.

Wigglesworth has been made the subject of a handsome monograph, whereof fifty copies were recently issued by subscription in the United States; but a glance at the list of subscribers shows that only one of them is in England, and suggests a probability that barely more than one copy can have found its way across the Atlantic; but *one* more certainly has, and of that one we shall proceed to avail ourselves.

Michael Wigglesworth was born on the 18th of October, 1631: his father was Edward Wigglesworth; but the place of his birth is not ascertained. In an autobiographic sketch in his own handwriting, still preserved, he calls it an ungodly place, and states that most people there rather derided than imitated the piety of his parents. This, however, is altogether indistinctive, and probably means that the Puritans were a minority in that place. Cotton Mather says the parents of Wigglesworth had been "great sufferers for that which was then the cause of God and of New England;" and Wigglesworth says that they "feared the Lord greatly from their youth," but were opposed and persecuted "because they went from their own parish church to hear the Word and receive the Lord's Supper," inasmuch that they determined to "pluck up their stakes and remove themselves to New England." And, accordingly, they did so, leaving dear relations, friends, and acquaintance; a new-built house, a flourishing trade; to expose themselves to the hazard of the seas, and to the distressing difficulties of a howling wilderness, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience and Christ in His ordinances. They arrived at Charlestown in August or September, 1638, Michael being then in his seventh year; and in October they left to settle in New Haven. In

the following year Michael was sent to the school of Master Ezekiah Cheever, where he studied a year or two, and "began to make Latin and to get forward apace;" but, his father falling lame, he was taken from school to assist him in his work. He was sent to school again in his fourteenth year, soon overcame the difficulties incident to his four years' relaxation of study, and in two years and three-quarters was pronounced fit to enter college. He accordingly proceeded to Cambridge, to which college the Rev. John Harvard had left a bequest the year the Wigglesworths reached Charlestown. The following account of the father's difficulties and rewards in sending the son to college is interesting and in every way characteristic:—

"It was an act of great self-denial in my father, that notwithstanding his own lameness and great weakness of body, which required the service and helpfulness of a son, and having but one son to be the staff of his age and supporter of his weakness, he would yet, for my good, be content to deny himself that comfort and assistance I might have lent him. It was also an evident proof of a strong faith in him, in that he durst adventure to send me to the college, though his estate was but small, and little enough to maintain himself and his small family left at home. And God let him live to see how acceptable to himself this service was in giving up his only son to the Lord and bringing him up to learning; especially the lively actings of his faith and self-denial herein. For first, notwithstanding his great weakness of body, yet he lived till I was so far brought up as that I was called to be a Fellow of the college, and improved in public service there, and until I had preached several times; yea and more than so, he lived to see and hear what God had done for my soul in turning me from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God, which filled his heart full of joy and thankfulness beyond what can be expressed. And for his outward estate, that was so far from being sunk by what he had spent from year to year upon my education, that in six years' time it was plainly doubled, which himself took great notice of, and spake of it to myself and others, to the praise of God, with admiration and thankfulness."

In the autobiographic sketch from which the foregoing is taken, and of which we have not seen it necessary to preserve the antiquated orthography, he tells us that he had enjoyed the benefit of religious and strict education, and that God, "in His mercy and pity," kept him from "scandalous sins," both before and after coming to college.

"But alas," says he, "I had a naughty vile heart, and was acted by corrupt nature, and

therefore could propound no right and noble ends to myself, but acted from self and for self. I was indeed studious, and strove to outdo my compeers; but it was for honour, and applause, and preferment, and such poor beggarly ends. Thus I had my ends, and God had His ends, far differing from mine; yet it pleased Him to bless my studies, and to make me to grow in knowledge both in the tongues and inferior arts, and also in Divinity. But when I had been there about three years and a half, God, in His love and pity to my soul, wrought a great change in me, both in heart and life, and from that time forward I learnt to study with God and for God. And whereas before that I had thoughts of applying myself to the study and practice of physick, I wholly laid aside those thoughts, and did choose to serve Christ in the work of the ministry, if He would please to fit me for it, and to accept of my service in that great work."

His "call" to be a Fellow of the college took place not long after he was graduated; and he appears to have acted as tutor there, as did most of the early Fellows of the college. Cotton Mather says that he adorned the station with "a rare faithfulness," and had such a "flaming zeal," that he sometimes feared lest his care for the training of his pupils "should so drink up his very spirit as to steal away his heart from God." Increase Mather, Cotton's father, who was a pupil of Wigglesworth, says he had "on that account reason to honour his memory." During the period of his tutorship, he appears to have delivered at the college two orations, still preserved in his Common-place Book, the one entitled, *Prayse of True Eloquence*, the other *Concerning True Eloquence, and How to Attain It*. These are composed in a fine earnest style, and show considerable enthusiasm of a secular kind, which may be regarded as a step in the direction of composing in verse.

Meantime, he was preparing himself for the ministry, and, as we have already seen, had preached several times before the death of his father, in 1653. The first call he is known to have received was in 1654, from the town of Malden, where he supplied the pulpit a year and half, "being much troubled to decide what his duty might be, before he was fully inducted into the pastoral office,"—which was probably soon after the 25th of August, 1656; for on that date he received what was the necessary preliminary among the Puritans of New England, a letter of dismission from the Church at Cambridge, which, in itself an interesting relic, and thoroughly expressive of the temper of the time and place, is as follows:—

"To the Church of Christ at Malden, grace and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Whereas, the good hand of Divine Providence hath so disposed that our beloved and highly esteemed brother, Mr Wigglesworth, hath his residence and is employed in the good work of the Lord amongst you, and hath seen cause to desire of us Letters Dismissive to your Church, in order to his joining as a member with you. We, therefore, of the Church of Christ at Cambridge, have consented to his desires herein, and if you shall accordingly proceed to receive him, we do hereby resign and dismiss him to your holy fellowship, withall certifying that as he was formerly admitted among us with much approbation, so during his abode with us his conversation was such as did become the Gospel, not doubting but that, through the grace of Christ, it hath been and will be no otherwise amongst you; and that he will be enabled to approve himself to you in the Lord as becometh saints.

"Further desiring of the Father of mercies that he may become a chosen and special blessing to you, and you also again unto him through Christ Jesus,

"We commit him and you all, with ourselves, to Him who is our Lord and yours,

"In whom we are,

"Your Loving brethren,

"JONATHAN MITCHELL,

"RICHARD CHAMPNEY,

"EDMUND FROST.

"With the consent of the brethren of the Church at Cambridge.

"Cambridge, 25th of ye 6th m. 1656."

In the meantime, Wigglesworth seems to have married his first wife, Mary Reynier:—we say "seems," because the precise date of this marriage is not positively ascertained, though there is but little doubt it took place before August 1656; neither is there any doubt that the union was a happy one, so long as it endured. As regards the aspiration in the letter of dismission, that Wigglesworth might become a "special blessing" to the Church at Malden, we may say that, certain drawbacks notwithstanding, it was substantially realized. The chief drawback was his health, which, after his marriage and call to Malden, was very bad; and by the summer of 1659 it was so impaired that he thought seriously of resigning his ministerial office. This, however, he did not do; but the entries made in his Common-place Book show that his malady was of a most distressing character. On the 21st of December, 1659, he had a crueller grief than his bodily ailments to contend with; for on that day his wife died, after a very brief married life, leaving a daughter under four years old. On the subject of his great loss he writes as follows:—

"Oh, it is a heart-cutting and astonishing stroke in itself. Lord help me to bear it patiently and to profit by it. Help me to honour Thee now in the fires, by maintaining good thoughts of Thee, and speaking good and submissive words concerning Thee. And, oh, teach me to die every day. Fit me for that sweet society she is gone unto, where solitariness shall no more affright or afflict me. Oh, Lord, make up in Thyself what is gone in the creature. I believe Thou canst and wilt do it; but oh, help my unbelief."

About a year later he wrote as follows in his Common-place Book:—

"The Brethren are now below considering and consulting about a future supply and constant help in the ministry; as also whether I am called to lay down my place or not. Father, I leave myself and all my concerns with Thee. I have neither way of substance nor house to put my head in if turned out here. But, Lord, I desire to be at Thy disposing. Let Thy fatherly care appear towards me in these my straits, as hitherto it hath done, O my God; for other friend or helper beside Thee I have none. Lord, I believe; help my unbelief."

The Brethren decided that the disabled teacher was not called on to resign, and found him colleagues to perform that part of the ministry for which he was disqualified; but although prevented from officiating in the pulpit regularly, if at all, he was by no means idle; and it was doubtless to the fact of his active ministry being thus restricted, that he owed that wider influence which he ultimately, and for long after his death, exercised through the channel of literature. *The Day of Doom*, his chief work, and the first work in verse by him of which we have any record, must have been in hand very soon after the decision of the Brethren; for in January 1662 he was preparing it for the press, and making one of those profoundly simple and earnest entries in his Common-place Book that serve so well to set the man before us even now.

"I desire with all my heart and might to serve my Lord Christ (who is my best and only friend and supporter) in finishing this work which I am preparing for the press, acknowledging that the Lord hath dealt abundantly better with me than I deserve, if He shall please to accept such a poor piece of service at my hands, and give me leisure to finish it. I delight in His service and glory, and the good of poor souls, though my endeavours this way should rather occasion loss than outward advantage to myself. Lord, let me find grace in Thy sight. And who can tell but this work may be my last; for the world seem now to account me a burden (I mean divers of our chief ones), whatever their words pretend to the contrary.

Lord, be Thou my habitation and hiding place, for other I have none. . . ."

On the next page he records the result of his labours thus :

"It pleased the Lord to carry me through the difficulty of the forementioned work, both in respect of bodily strength and estate, and to give vent for my books, and greater acceptance than I could have expected, so that of 1,800 there were scarce any unsold (or but few) at the year's end; so that I was a gainer by them and not a loser. Moreover I have since heard of some success of these my poor labours. For all which mercies I am bound to bless the Lord."

This very respectable literary success, implied in the sale of eighteen hundred copies within a year, was by no means of an ephemeral character, inasmuch as the popularity then established went on growing till within the last hundred years or so, and the book became, as we have seen, one of the most popular works of New England, if not the most popular. Mr. Francis Jenks, writing in the *Christian Examiner*, as recently as the year 1828, affirmed that he was even then acquainted with many aged persons who could still repeat the poem, though they might not have met with a copy "since they were in leading strings;" and this tenacity with which the work clung to the Puritan mind of New England, for generation after generation, was the inevitable result of complete and genuine adoption in the first instance. Taught to the New Englanders of the latter part of the seventeenth century with their catechism, published in one large edition after another, and even hawked about the colony printed on large sheets ballad-fashion, the work was one which Mather might well think, from the contemporary point of view, likely to "find the children" of that generation down a long succession of centuries, and, indeed, as he himself quaintly expressed it, until the arrival of that day which gives a name to the poem.

As regards Wigglesworth's assurance that he had heard of "some success" having been vouchsafed to his "poor labours," we must note that there must have been an abundant foundation for that assurance. The grim terrorism that held so prominent a part in the severe and sombre religion of the seventeenth century Puritans gave rise to *The Day of Doom*, and received in that poem its most complete expression; and the fact that New England received the work so promptly, and retained it so long, is evidence enough that it fell into fertile ground, and succeeded (for it is, of course, spiritual success that the author re-

cords) in turning many persons towards the religion whereof it expressed and depicted one portion only. To assume that the utility of the book was simply and absolutely measured by the amount of pleasure it afforded to readers, would be, in such a case as the present, altogether too harsh a judgment; that it had a utility, served a purpose, and served it well, the length and breadth of its popularity attest; and that that utility was such as the author intended, namely, the service of religion, is the only fair conclusion.

The year 1662, in the course of which *The Day of Doom* came out, was a dreadful time for Puritans, whether in England or in America: in that year the "Act of Uniformity" was passed, and the newly restored Stuart dynasty was "breathing out threatenings and slaughters" against all Nonconformists. The Colonial Charters and liberties of New England were in the utmost peril, and the Puritans there were in dread of losing all they had found and made in the land of their choice. They were also afflicted with epidemic and a great drought; and it is not unlikely that these considerations, added to the personal sickness of Wigglesworth, helped to determine him in the selection and elaboration of his grim subject; for in this poem "Justice, with the terrors of her law, fearfully overshadows mercy." In the same year the author produced another shorter poem, which is not forthcoming at present, but which was seen by Dr. McClure when he compiled the *Bi-Centennial Book of Malden*: it was entitled *God's Controversy with New England*.

After the sale of the first edition of *The Day of Doom*, the poet of justice triumphant made a voyage to Bermuda, in the interest of his health, and returned within a few months. How his time was occupied after his return to Malden, we are not fully informed; but he must clearly have done some preaching and teaching; and about seven years after the issue of *The Day of Doom* he completed a new poem, — *Meat out of the Eater; or, Meditations concerning the Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children; All tending to prepare them for and comfort them under the Cross*. This subject was the natural complement of the subject of his other chief poem, and it was nearly as successful. The references made in the Common-place Book to this second work are particularly characteristic: —

Sept. 17, 1669. — I have been long employed in a great work composing Poems about the

Cross. I have already found exceeding much help and assistance from Heaven, even to admiration, so that in three weeks' time I have transcribed three sheets fair, and made between whiles a hundred staves of verses besides. Some days the Lord hath so assisted me that I have made near or above twenty staves. For which His great mercy I bless His name from my soul, desiring still to make him my *a* and *o* in this great work. Lord, assist me now this day. Tu mihi principium, tu mihi finis eris: a deo et ad deum: τα πάντα. . . . Sept. 29. — The Lord did assist me much this day, so that I wrote five sides fair and made out eleven or twelve staves more, though the day was cold and I wrought with some difficulty. . . . And now through Thy rich grace and daily assistance I have done composing. Laus deo. Amen. October 18. — My birthday, and it was the birthday of this book, it being finished (i.e. fully composed) this morning."

At this time ten years had passed since the death of his wife, and he seems to have remained a widower another ten; but in 1679 he married one Martha Mudge, aged eighteen. His friends and relatives disapproved of the marriage; but he himself expresses the opinion that, under God, she was a means of his recovering a better state of health, and he does not seem to have regretted the match. She died after about eleven years, leaving him a son and five daughters.

In 1684 Increase Mather wrote to offer him some weighty post at Harvard College, probably the presidency, which he declined; and by about 1686 his health was so far restored as to admit of his re-entering on the active duties of his ministry: as Cotton Mather says, "It pleased God, when the distresses of the Church in Malden did extremely call for it, wondrously to restore His faithful servant. He that had been for near twenty years almost buried alive, comes abroad again." And his ability as a preacher was put in requisition in May 1686, at no less important a matter than the annual election, at which he preached the customary sermon before the General Court of the Colony. On this occasion certain functionaries of the Court were ordered to "Give the Rev. Mr. Michael Wigglesworth the thanks of this Court for his sermon on Wednesday last, and to desire him speedily to prepare the same for the press, adding thereto what he had not time to deliver, the Court judging that the printing of it will be for the public benefit:" whether this was done, does not appear.

In 1691 or 1692 he married a third wife, Mrs. Sybil Avery, a widow, who survived him. The year 1692, whether the year of

his marriage or the year after, is memorable for the fearful delusion concerning witchcraft which led to so much bloodshed and persecution in New England; but there is no evidence that he took an active part on either side, — though he certainly helped in the work of allaying the troubles occasioned by the delusion, after its subsidence.

In 1698 he had a severe illness, which so much alarmed his flock, that they "came together with agony, prayed, fasted, and wept before the Lord, with supplications for his life;" and on his recovery, they voted him a short respite from his labours: but in June 1705 the respite granted from death expired; he was attacked in that month by a fever, which ended fatally on the 5th. It will be seen he was in his seventy-fourth year, notwithstanding the ill-health he had suffered from a great part of his life.

We have chosen to make a brief abstract of Wigglesworth's life, rather than to devote the same space to the criticism of his works, feeling that the course adopted affords a better explanation and illustration of the influences acting on New England Puritan literature than could have been got by extracts from and critical remarks on these extremely local poems. Nor do we propose to end this sketch with any detailed examination of *The Day of Doom* and *Meat out of the Eater*, — which works are in our own days far more interesting as *facts* than as *poems*. It must not, however, be understood that they are without literary merit: on the contrary, they are written in good vigorous English, and with a very fair measure of rhythmic and rhetorical excellence. *The Day of Doom* has also, amid its terrors, many truths of general import, as good for the men of to-day as for the men of the author's own time and land; and it is full of that unmistakable genuine piety shown in the Autobiography and Common-place Book. But the small element of *general* interest in it would not have sufficed for that popularity which began with its publication and lasted for some generations. The fact is, that in these pages the Puritans of New England saw honestly and strongly expressed the theology in which they believed; and they read in overwhelming language of the terrors of the Day of Judgment, the awful wrath of offended Deity. The mature man, accustomed to the sombre side of life, turned also instinctively to the sombre side of death and eternity; and the "imaginative youth devoured with avidity the horrors" of *The Day of Doom*, "and shud-

dered at its fierce denunciations. In the darkness of the night he saw its frightful forms arise to threaten him with retribution, till he was driven to seek the ark of safety from the wrath of Jehovah." Perhaps there were some who experienced a morbid satisfaction in gazing on Wigglesworth's grim pictures, convinced of immunity, on their own individual parts, from the terrors of the day of doom; but this special complacency in respect of the just punishment of sinners is an element in the Puritan religion that has almost passed out of existence, and can well be spared. Would that the earnestness of those noble though imperfect men were, in other respects, more diligently studied and emulated.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE SPECIAL BEAUTY CONFERRED BY
IMPERFECTION AND DECAY.

It is not designed here to attempt a discussion of the several sources from which the idea of Beauty in visible objects has been supposed to be derived,—whether their beauty depends on their usefulness and their fitness for the purpose they were designed to serve; or on associations which they awaken in our minds; or whether certain sights and scenes are intrinsically pleasing to the eye (just as certain sounds are sweet to the ear, and certain tastes delicious to the palate), and are called beautiful simply because they give agreeable sensations to the visual organ. The subject proposed for consideration is narrower and more specific, viz:—"Why it is that so many imperfect and decayed objects are admittedly more beautiful—*felt* to be so—than the same objects when complete and sound? Why even this very imperfection and decay is indispensable to render them beautiful? Why objects that have ceased to subserve their purpose are so often more beautiful than they ever were in the days of their greatest utility and most perfect adaptation? Why, even, in order to be beautiful it is necessary that they should subserve their purpose inadequately? What, in a word, is the source, the meaning, the reason of that strange and exquisite picturesque charm and eye-delight so habitually clinging round decadence and ruin, and so intuitively, and perhaps reluctantly, recognized as beauty even by the sternest utilitarian.

Three or four illustrations will suffice to make clear the point to be explained.

London Bridge is a structure skilfully designed, well built, admirably suited to its purposes; and St. Paul's is a monument of rare magnificence. But does either of them affect us with the same sense of *beauty*, of gratification to the eye, as the "broken arch" we are all familiar with, and "the ruins" of the cathedral supposed to be sketched from that decaying and un-serviceable fragment? Look at a grove or a forest of the finest elms and beeches, with boles as straight as pillars, each absolutely perfect in its conformation and in fullest health and vigour, and of countless value in the eyes of the builder or the shipwright,—is it comparable in real "beauty" to a dozen aged oaks, with bare arms, gnarled trunks, twisted roots, and broken branches, the heart decayed out of them, and with only a few winters of precarious life before them? The nearest road, whether by land or water, from one point of our journey to another, is clearly the fittest, the cheapest, and *primâ facie* the most desirable. Yet what can be more hideous than a structure like the Suez Canal, or a straight thoroughfare stretching along miles of endless, unbroken perspective, even when lined by interminable miles of poplar trees, such as may be seen everywhere in France? On the other hand, what can be more attractive or gratifying to the eye, or the faculty which perceives beauty, than a meandering stream or a winding road, of which we see only a small portion at once, which traverses twice the distance, wastes twice the land, and requires twice the time to take us to our destination? What object more unlovely than a straight strong wall of masonry, not to be climbed over or broken through, with not a stone fallen away or out of line? Yet what object more beautiful, more fascinating to the artist, more pleasing to the general eye, than the same wall old, shattered, full of breaches, covered with ivy that each year undermines and loosens it yet more, and so ruined that the cattle or the deer it was intended to confine creep through it or leap over it at pleasure? The old rotten *Téméraire*, dismantled, her bulwarks broken away her port-holes worn, her ribs open, and ten feet of water in her hold, apart from historical associations, is a thing which artists love to paint, and which has a singular beauty even to the eye of common men;—and so (though to a less extent, *because less useless and less ruined*) have the superseded frigates and three-deckers that crowd the Hamoaze. But who can associate the idea of beauty with

our iron monitors and steam rams, though not a plate or fitting is faulty or out of place, and though not a criticism can be legitimately launched against their hideous perfection? It is even probable that the eye dwells with more real gratification, possibly not unaccompanied with a sense of surprise and self-remonstrance, on the *Hôtel de Ville*, at Paris, in its present condition, gutted, blackened by fire, damaged but not disfigured, reduced from a perfect to an unserviceable structure — than when not a window or stone or a pinnacle was injured. The exterior of the building remains the same — it is simply blackened, rendered useless, its colours dimmed, and the precision of its lines diminished or obscured.

Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, but I will content myself with one more — to my mind the most crucial of all. Let us go to Ireland, and look at the solid, sensible, excellent cottages built (say) on Lord Lansdowne's estate in Kerry, drained, slated, and windowed, warm, firm, impervious to weather — answering completely, in fact, every purpose which houses are made to serve. They are not only not beautiful, but the Mind has absolutely to rebuke the Eye, the social and moral has to silence the æsthetic sense, in order to prevent us from pronouncing them positively ugly. A few hundred yards away, in the very next valley, stands the normal Irish cabin; no windows, no chimney, holes in the roof and wall doing duty for both; the rotten thatch half off, the rain coming in at fifty chinks, the floor wet and filthy, the pestilential dung-heap steaming at the side, the family dirty and in rags, with the pig among their feet and the fowl upon their shoulders, and what scene can be more picturesque or, to an artist's eye, more beautiful? Nay, every one of the deplorable and condemnable features I have mentioned contributes to, heightens, and, in its scandalous congruity, helps to constitute the beauty of the object; if it were one whit less ruinous and hasty, it would be *pro tanto* less gratifying to the mere visual sense and fancy of the spectator; and we have to curb and do violence to ourselves, and to call up many thoughts "unborrowed from the eye," before we can repress a sense of actual gratification in contemplating the picture, or refrain from incontinently sitting down to paint it. The cabin has no pleasurable associations to make it beautiful, nor ought it to be beautiful on the utilitarian theory, for it totally fails to subserve its intended purposes.

Yet the natural Eye, tutored or untutored, lingers lovingly on the wretched hovel; it is the enforced Thought only which recurs with pleasure and with effort to the slated house.

Are not ruins recognized and felt to be more beautiful than perfect structures? Why are they so? Ought they to be so?

I have no pretension to attempt a full analysis or explanation of the mental phenomena in question. I can merely offer a few suggestions, derived from different quarters, as contributions towards that result.

And, first, it may be remarked that it is only under certain conditions, and with reference to certain objects that beauty is conferred by ruin and decay. Eminently the case with regard to architecture, it is not at all the case with regard to sculpture. The Coliseum may be more beautiful — in the sense of giving greater pleasure to the cultivated eye and the inactive though educated mind — than in the first blaze of its imperial magnificence. The Antinous and the Apollo would assuredly not gain by mutilation. The Venus de Medici no doubt would gain — but only because mutilation would bring her nearer to the original design. The Venus of Milo clearly must be less perfect in her broken loveliness than when fresh from her creator's hand. Yet, again, it is difficult to fancy — even when every due allowance has been made for the infinite associations that cling round it — that the Parthenon could have conveyed such a glowing impression of marvellous grandeur, or (if the word may be used in such a connection) of such unapproachable perfection of beauty, when Pericles first gazed upon it, blazing with gold, gorgeous with the richest colouring, and dazzling in the sunrise — as it does to-day when seen towering in shattered and useless majesty in the fading twilight from the Gulf of Salamis or the Island of Egina. The Elgin marbles, which constituted its frieze, are disfigured by mutilation and decay. The edifice which contained them, and of which they were only minor accessories, is glorified thereby. The contrast and conjunction would seem to point to some not very recondite solution.

Again, there is reason to believe that the beauty conferred by decay was not always — perhaps not till a century or two ago — perceived even by the educated classes; and it is pretty certain that it is not now recognized by the uneducated ones. The same may be said of mountain scenery, and indeed of picturesque scenery generally.

The delight in ruins and in Alps would appear to be not only an exclusive, but a modern, acquisition. To an agricultural boor and to most farmers certainly — to our ancestors also as a rule probably — the richest and most fertile lands were beautiful; not the granite peak, or the wild headland, or the barren moor, or the primeval and unpenetrable forest. Is it that both orders of minds are governed in their estimate of beauty by association, but that the associations which govern them are different? — or that one waits the rapid decision of the intellect before the eye consents to admit gratification, and that the other accepts the instinctive impression? — or that generations of culture in one direction have rendered the retina or the sensorium susceptible to different impressions?

Another point to be noticed is that the objects which decay thus beautifies are exclusively vegetable or inorganic, *never animal*. Living beings sometimes — men often — grow more beautiful with age — never by decrepitude or lesion, or ostensibly incipient ruin. Trees and buildings do not attain their maximum of picturesqueness till age has passed over into decadence — often not till decay has been busy with them long.

It has been suggested that perhaps the reason why the "Slated Cottages," described above, useful as they are, are so utterly destitute of any element of beauty, is that they are on every principle of art entirely out of harmony with the surrounding scenery. No doubt this may explain the *vividness* of the impression of their ugliness, but scarcely the ugliness itself. For place in the same district, even within sight of each other, two peasants' cottages of the same generic character, built originally of the same materials, and designed by artist taste, with picturesque gables, thatched alike, adorned with creepers, surrounded by similar accessories — the only difference being that the first was tidy, well kept and fresh — the second just at that stage of neglect and ruin at which decay becomes picturesque without being disgusting; on which would the poet's eye rest with the most instinctive pleasure, and which would the artist's pencil select unhesitatingly to reproduce? If, as has been objected, in the case of the wretched Irish hovel I have pictured, it is the *dramatic* interest involved in the accessories to the scene — the life, and the sort of life, and the ramifying suggestions connected with that life — that gives the impression of picturesque attractiveness to the scene,

and that *we mistake interest for a sense of beauty*, I can only reply that the same dramatic incidents might just as easily cling round the well-built and comfortable cottage as round the miserable cabin, since both are equally the shelter of domestic life; only they don't, or where they do, they fail to produce that sense of the beautiful, that gratifying picturesqueness, the source of which we are pursuing.

Association will explain much; but why, as in this case, where the associations are almost exclusively regrettable and *painful*, should the sense of *pleasure* which flows from beauty be instantaneously called up, while the slated house, some of the associations of which at least should be agreeable, produces annoyance rather than gratification? In the cases of ancient castles, abbays, and temples, the idea of antiquity and historical recollections (often, I admit, inseparable and instantaneously called up) enter largely into our sense of beauty and æsthetic enjoyment; but the age and the associations may be there, yet *if decay is not*, if decadence has not set in, if ruin has been sedulously guarded against by timely vigilance and the most artistically designed repairs, the special beauty we speak of is looked for in vain, the indefinable charm is absent, though we know not why, the enchantment fails, because the subtle essence of the spell, whatever it may be, is not there.

Probably the explanation must be sought in three distinct directions. In some cases decay altogether *changes* the object, or introduces entirely new features, as to the source of whose beauty there can be no controversy. Thus the ordinary fresh and perfect green of the chestnut, the sumach, or the beech has its own appropriate charm, which scarcely its commonness can make less appreciated. But when the softer portion of its substance has rotted away, and nothing is left except the marvellously fine reticulated skeleton, we do not feel that a new beauty has been conferred upon it by the process, but that quite another and more exquisite one is presented to the eye. What was before patent has died off, and the concealed and obscured has come to light. Or take the same leaf when it is not skeletonized but merely faded, and, either by insect, disease or from the season has received its autumn colouring, and from a dull green has been transformed into a brilliant red — here it is the tint and not the leaf that is so fascinating, and the tint was not there before. Wherever, indeed, decay brings colour, the case seems clear;

for colour has loveliness of its own, and the gratification of the eye on which it strikes would seem to be an ultimate fact of physiology.

Perhaps, too, it will be found that in many cases—notably in buildings and structures such as bridges—the explanation also is a physical one. Probably *straight lines and sharp, clear, harsh outlines* are painful to the retina, just as screams are to the ear, or stench to the nose: they produce on the nerve or the sensorium a sensation which is distinctly irritating—an impression which may, no doubt, be controlled, modified, overcome, or in certain instances even reversed, by culture or by mental effort, but which is the first and the instructive one. Now, new buildings, uninjured ones, have these harshly-defined outlines; they are not broken by accident or time, not mellowed or softened by accretions or defects, not concealed or mitigated by weeds or moss; they present no fragments or interruptions to relieve the eye. The effect of age and injury here would appear to be analogous to that of haze or atmospheric distance in making beautiful, by a softening and dimming of the outline, both natural and artificial objects—mountains as well as buildings—which, seen near, or in exceptionally clear conditions of the atmosphere, are felt as distressingly harsh.

Lastly, ruins and decayed objects, apart from painful and pleasurable associations, are much more *suggestive* than perfect structures; richer and more various in the ideas and emotions they call up; more provocative therefore of that mental activity which is of itself enjoyment.

W. R. GREG.

From the Saturday Review.

SAN JUAN, KHIVA, AND GIBRALTAR.

THE immensity alike of the British Empire and of the difficulties and dangers which beset it is strikingly illustrated by the fact that at the same moment Englishmen have to consider the decision with regard to the San Juan boundary, the advance of Russia on Khiva, and a Spanish proposal for the cession of Gibraltar. The decision in the San Juan case is simplicity itself. The Emperor of Germany has, we are told, in the tersest possible language, decided that we are entirely wrong, and the Americans entirely right. Fortunately not a single principle of international law is involved in the decision, and no one

can possibly think that our Government was in the wrong either in adhering to the English interpretation of the Treaty of 1846 or in submitting the matter to arbitration. We have only to accept the decision; and if the Emperor of Germany has been wise enough to give his decision without giving his reasons, we are saved the necessity of having to show that his judgment ought to have been different. All that we need say is, that the point at issue was so exceedingly doubtful that we have no occasion to express regret for having so long contested with the United States the possession of a country which has now been pronounced by a competent authority to have been all along rightfully theirs. The words of the Treaty of 1846 were so obscure that two interpretations of its language seemed fairly admissible, and it is well known that this obscurity arose from the simple fact that neither the British nor the American negotiators had at that time any trustworthy map. Between Vancouver's Island and the mainland of the United States there are two channels, enclosing between them a group of islands—of which San Juan is the chief—the one channel passing by the English shore of Vancouver's Island, and the other by the American shore of the Territory of Washington. To the negotiators of 1846 the southern or American channel alone appears to have been known, and therefore it was quite natural that England should contend that this must be the channel through which it was intended the boundary line should run. On the other hand, the main intention of the Treaty was that the boundary fixed at the 49th parallel of latitude should deflect so as to include Vancouver's Island as British. As it turned out that there were two channels, the Americans insisted that the Treaty should be interpreted so as to effect its main object and no more, and that the boundary should run through the channel which, passing close by Vancouver's Island, would leave San Juan American. As the island has been for sometime occupied on its northern side by British, and on its southern by American troops, it was necessary, if possible, that a state of things so likely to lead to a dangerous collision should be terminated. It has been terminated by what in such a case has long been the recognized mode of settlement, that of reference to arbitration; and we may consider this reference to arbitration, and the judgment of the arbitrator against us, with an equanimity which fails us when we think of the abandonment of our claims for the Fenian raids

in deference simply to the exigencies of American home politics, and of our adoption of new rules of law expressly framed so as to secure us the opportunity of appeasing American wrath with English gold.

The Americans were principally impelled to insist on their claim to the San Juan group because these islands will afford to an American fleet a post of great advantage in case of a war with England. They avowed this to be their motive, and as it has been decided that the islands belong to them, it is quite right that they should make any use of them they please, however annoying to us. But it is one thing to own this, and another thing to conceal regret that we have one more difficulty added to the innumerable difficulties of our Empire. We have undertaken to guard British Columbia, and the Americans have now a group of islands which command the access to our remote colony. We can only try as a nation to do our best, but our best becomes every day more difficult to do. Much the same thoughts are suggested by the news that Russia is intending to attack Khiva. We could not prevent Russia doing this if we wished, and we have no sort of ground for trying to do so. The Khan of Khiva is no doubt a petty despot who fully deserves to be punished. He has given Russia as much provocation as the Emperor Theodore gave us, and probably more. When the Khan recently sent an ambassador to ask help from the Viceroy of India, Lord Northbrook most properly answered that the only help he could give was to offer the advice that the Khan should atone for his crimes as soon as possible, and try at the last hour to avert the anger of Russia. When they have conquered the Khan the Russians will be guided solely by a consideration of their own interests in deciding whether they should or should not annex the conquered territory. They are fully as much entitled to annex it as we were to annex the territory of the Sikhs. Nor do we for a moment question that Khiva and other misgoverned outlandish places have much to gain by being brought under Russian dominion, or that the advance of Russia brings some security for civilization and prosperity to Western Asia. But none the less can we affect to be blind to the extreme probability that this constant advance of Russia creates new dangers to our Empire in the East. The chief of these dangers, and it is a most serious one, is the effect which the proximity of Russia will have on the imaginations, the hopes, and the ambition of the natives of

India. Our rule in India depends in a large degree on the universality of the impression among the people that there is no use in thinking of contending with us; and this impression is produced not only by the ability with which we govern them, and the spirit with which we have fought them, but also by the fact that there is no other great Power possessed of the weapons and the organization of the West that comes into competition with us in their mental horizon. It will be very different when Russia, far more powerful than England by land, is known to be coming nearer and nearer towards them, and when they begin to think of England as only one of the two European Powers with which they are concerned. If, after advancing to the borders of India, Russia were at war with England, and obtained some temporary success, which no reasonable man will pronounce impossible, the seeds of a new Indian mutiny might be sown, germinate, and shoot into leaf with inconceivable rapidity.

It is not that, wherever attacked, we might not hope to win. We might subdue another mutiny in India at even a less cost than we subdued the last. We might silence the forts and ships of San Juan, and keep open our maritime access to British Columbia. What presses on us is the thought that at points so numerous and so remote we are exposed to dangers so great, and that every day the call upon us seems more severe. Austria has lately, when invited to acquiesce in the new rules of international law embodied in the Washington Treaty, urged that in return we should acquiesce in a new rule securing private property at sea. We do not like to forego the advantage of the present rule, which permits us, while our supremacy at sea remains, at once to secure our carrying trade and to annihilate the carrying trade of our enemies. But it becomes every day a greater task to assure the safety of our carrying trade. War and Protection have almost killed the carrying trade of America and France, and we are now the ocean carriers of the world. To retain this trade, on which so large a portion of our mercantile prosperity depends, would in the event of war with a naval Power of the second order tax severely the strength of our navy. We have, indeed, only one way of preparing to meet the dangers that are pressing on us, and that is by keeping on foot a navy of enormous strength: and no money can be so well laid out by England as that devoted to a navy which will place our supremacy at sea beyond question.

We cannot afford to abandon a single advantage that we possess which can help our navy. We must say "No!" in a very plain manner to our Spanish friends when they ask us to give up the key of the Mediterranean. No one denies that the Spaniards have in our retention of Gibraltar a sentimental grievance. We know how we should fret if a foreign Power held a spot of English land that commanded our seas. We are sorry to have to keep Gibraltar, but our sorrow does not in the least diminish our intention of keeping it. We cannot afford to let it pass into other hands. We keep it as the Germans keep Metz, not because it is any more pleasant to us to keep a Spanish town than it is for them to keep a French town, but because we are not prepared to forego the possession of a stronghold which offers enormous advantages in time of war. After being obliged to allow Russia to make the Euxine the nursery of her Southern navy, we are not going to throw away our chief means of keeping her out of the Atlantic. We must admit that while our long possession of Gibraltar makes its occupation a very different thing to Spaniards from what the novel irritation of the occupation of Metz is to Frenchmen, the occupation of Gibraltar is in one way more galling, because it is not as against the people to whom it geographically belongs that we hold it. The French have at least the satisfaction of thinking that it is fear of them that makes the Germans hold Metz. We have no excuse of the sort. We cannot pretend to be in the slightest fear of Spain, and we hold Gibraltar to help us in wars with which Spain will probably have nothing to do. Our justification is, that we have wars to fear in which the possession of Gibraltar will be of the greatest advantage to us, and that we cannot afford to abandon this advantage; and therefore, having a good title by the law of nations to Gibraltar, we mean to stick to our rights.

From The Economist.

THE DECISION IN THE SAN JUAN CASE.

THE tone of querulous discontent with which the award in the San Juan case has been received in this country is both unbusiness-like and unworthy, and will be seen to be both the moment the facts are carefully examined. By the Treaty of 15th June, 1846, it was arranged between the American and English Governments that the line of boundary should be the

49th parallel of north latitude—a somewhat rough method of demarcation often adopted in America when surveys are still incomplete, and accepted in England out of ignorance of local geography. It was found, however, that this parallel ran through Vancouver's Island, and as a division of authority in an island is inconvenient, Lord Aberdeen asked for an alteration, and the Government of Washington agreed to one. The line selected, in order to save Vancouver's Island, was to be "continued westward, along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, to the middle of the channel, which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island; and thence southerly, through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits, to the Pacific Ocean." The geographical ignorance of our Foreign Office still left the description indefinite, for, as it happened, the "channel" was divided by a group of islands, usually called San Juan. The British Commissioners, relying on geographical conclusions, maintained that these islands, which contain magnificent harbours, were ours; while the Americans, relying on their impression that the new boundary was only intended to give us Vancouver's Island, claimed them for their own. So high did feeling run upon the subject that in 1859, General Julian Harney, of Oregon, seized the islands, and a war would have begun, but that President Buchanan, full of the internal troubles of his country, consented to postpone a decision, and submit to a joint occupation of the islands, which has ever since continued. When, however, we had resolved to make up all quarrels with the United States, the question of San Juan was taken up again, and it was agreed that the right of property in the islands should be referred to the Emperor of Germany, who, however, was bound to decide in favour of one channel or the other, and not of any medium course. His Majesty, after consulting experts, has now decided that the meaning of the Treaty was to give the islands to the United States, which will accordingly take possession of them.

We can see nothing whatever in this decision to call for any hostile comment. It is quite clear that Lord Aberdeen's motive in asking for a revision was to save Vancouver's Island, which is saved by the award; and quite clear also that the Emperor, who is a statesman rather than a lawyer, may have considered Lord Aberdeen's despatch explaining his motive the best guide to the meaning of a somewhat obscure phrase. It is true that had Lord Ab-

erdeen known the facts, he would have included San Juan; but neither the American Government nor the German Emperor are responsible for his ignorance, or bound to interpret his agents' action as intended to secure any result except the one avowed, which is by this decision finally secured. It is also true that the possession of San Juan by the Americans might, in time of war, render the defence of Vancouver's Island very difficult, and that our access to British Columbia is much hampered; but so also does the possession of the Channel Islands render the defence of St. Malo difficult, while our rights over Gibraltar are intended to hamper access to the Mediterranean. We have by the Treaty a joint right of navigating the channels, and the decision therefore will in no way affect trade. Even, however, if it did, we referred the matter to arbitration of our own free will, and the true meaning of the objectors is that we should not have referred it. What then should we have done? We should have held it in a dangerous joint occupancy, until the time had arrived when the United States wished for a cause of quarrel, or an ambitious President wished to become popular, and then have fought for it. In other words, we ought to have preferred a great war for an object of which most men know nothing, to a great suit before a tribunal of our own selection. Is that sensible or business-like, or even commonly moral? If the Americans had seized the island by violence, it would of course have been right to fight, because nations which submit to violent wrong injure their national character; but the Americans did nothing of the kind. They agreed to the "reference," and they would, had it gone against them, have retired, as we must do. The language of the New York papers upon that point is of course most injurious and unpleasant; but the new lesson nations have to learn is indifference to newspaper comment, however annoying or unfair. Peace could not be preserved for an hour anywhere if it could be disturbed whenever an unscrupulous journalist chose to create a sensation by preaching war. In the present instance, the motive of all this bitterness in the *Herald* is sufficiently apparent. President Grant has made reconciliation with Britain part of his policy, and any event which seems to throw discredit upon that policy throws discredit upon him. The statement that we were resisting the award by a preposterous personal intrigue was eminently calculated to discredit him, and it was therefore made with that indifference

to facts which distinguishes electioneering campaigns within the Union. All that is provoking, but it furnishes no reason why serious English politicians should object to a method of settling disputes much preferable to war, or should carp at a judgment to which they had agreed, with their eyes open, to submit themselves. Whether arbitration is better than negotiation on a subject like this may be a doubtful question, because arbitration excludes compromise and mutual concession too completely, but that it is better than war we have no doubt whatever. Our honour was not involved in the San Juan dispute, and a war for a mere question of property is, at all events, a very wasteful and very uncertain method of arbitration.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
NATURAL ALCHEMY.

In the present state of the great sewage question, very considerable interest has been justly considered to attach to the experiment tried on Merthyr Tydfil by order of the Court of Chancery. It has been in many respects an *experimentum crucis*, and the announcement of the results has already led to extensive irrigation operations of a similar character in other towns, and is likely to lead to yet larger results. Merthyr Tydfil, unhappy in its past troubles, is fortunate in a happy issue from them, and in the possession of a medical health officer who, having perforce watched the experiment as a quiet and impartial spectator, is able to give a very clear, interesting, and valuable report of the operations.

Merthyr, like Birmingham, was hauled into Chancery for further polluting the already polluted River Taff by pouring the strained sewage of the town into it. The Board of Health obtained power to take 393 acres of land for sewage irrigation, but as they did not satisfy the Court by setting to work with enough of promptitude and efficiency, they were handed over in 1870 by Lord Justice James to Mr. Bailey Denton and Dr. Edward Frankland, who thereupon proceeded to employ upon Merthyr, as upon a *corpus vile*, a method of earth filtration of which they had previously only a laboratory experience. They had experimentally arrived at conclusions which are thus summarized:—Sewage traversing a porous and finely divided soil undergoes a process to some extent analogous to that experienced by blood in passing through the lungs in the act of breath-

ing. A field of porous soil irrigated intermittently virtually performs an act of respiration, copying on an enormous scale the lung action of a breathing animal, for it is alternately receiving and exposing air, and thus dealing as an oxidizing agent with the filthy fluid which is passing through it. The action of the earth as a means of filtration must not be considered as merely mechanical; it is chemical, for the results of filtration properly conducted are the oxidation, and thereby the transformation, of the offensive organic substances in solution in the sewage stream into fertilizing matters which remain in the soil, and into certain harmless inorganic salts which pass off in the effluent water. When Merthyr plan was adopted:—

About twenty acres of the land, immediately adjoining the road on which the tanks are placed, have been arranged into filtering areas or beds on a plan devised by Mr. J. Bailey Denton. The land is a loamy soil, eighteen inches thick, overlying a bed of gravel. The whole of these twenty acres has been underdrained to a depth of from five to seven feet. The lateral drains are placed at regular distances from each other, and run towards the main or effluent drain. This is everywhere six feet deep. The surface of the land is formed into beds; these have been made to slope towards the main drain by a fall of 1 in 150. The surface is ploughed in ridges; on these vegetables are planted or seeds sown; the line of the ridged furrow is in

the direction of the under drain. Along the raised margin of each bed in each area delivering carriers are placed, one edge being slightly depressed. The strained sewage passes from the conduits into the delivering carriers, and, as it overflows the depressed edges, runs gently into and along the furrows down to the lowest and most distant part of the plot. The sewage continues to be so delivered for six hours; then an interval of rest of eighteen hours takes place, and again the land is thoroughly charged with the fertilizing stream. The water percolates through the six feet of earth, and reaches the lateral drains, which convey it to the main effluent drain.

The result has been that the effluent water is bright, pellucid, and free from smell, and tastes only of common salt. It may safely be drunk, and in fact is used by the workmen on the farm. No unpleasant smell is caused, nor has any one's health suffered. The effluent water subject to analysis contained hardly a trace of organic matter, and was "considerably purer than the Thames water which we are often compelled to drink in London." On the ridges large crops of cabbages, potatoes, onions, beans, peas, &c., have been grown, amply compensating for the total outlay. On the fifty-five acres of irrigated land crops of Italian grass have been obtained, averaging a net profit of £24 an acre; a plot of onions has been sold at the rate of £64 an acre. With these results the people of Merthyr Tydfil are naturally satisfied.

MR. DARWIN's forthcoming work on "Expression in Man and Animals" bids fair to be of a more popular character than any of his other publications. It will commence with a statement of the general principles of Expression;—that serviceable actions become habitual in association with certain states of the mind, and are performed, whether or not of service, in each particular case. This will be illustrated in the case of expression of the various emotions in man and the lower animals. The means of expression in animals will then be discussed, and the special expressions of animals and man, such as the depression of the corners of the mouth in grief, frowning, the firm closure of the mouth to express determination, gestures of contempt, the dilation of the pupils from terror, the causes of blushing, &c. In conclusion, the bearing of the subject will be spoken of on the specific unity of the races of man, the part will be discussed which the will and intention have played in the acquirement of various expressions, and the question of their acquisition by the progenitors of man will be

referred to. Seven heliotype plates reproduced from photographs will illustrate the work.

Nature.

THE HEAT SPECTRA OF SUNLIGHT AND THE LIMELIGHT.—In an elaborate paper on this subject by S. Lamansky in *Pogg. Annalen*, No. 6, 200, the author, on comparing the position of the maxima of heat-effect in the two spectra obtained from flint-glass prisms, finds that the source of less heat-intensity attains a maximum heat-effect in rays of greater wave-length than is the case with the more powerful source of heat. He determined the absorptive powers of water, glass, mica, calcite, quartz, &c., and established the truth in each instance of what Melloni had previously observed with water: that the ultra-red rays on their passage through transparent substances suffer a loss which increases as the refrangibility of the rays themselves diminishes.